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EVERYTHING points to a very ugly situation in Ireland. The riot that arose when members of the "Blue-Shirt Army" attended the annual dance of the Army Comrades' Association last Tuesday must be regarded merely as a preliminary skirmish. When Mr. De Valera dismissed General O'Duffy from his position as head of the Dublin police force, he released a powerful enemy from the restraints of responsibility. General O'Duffy is not the man to be content to do nothing, and deprived of official position he has become the centre of something akin to a Fascist movement with the romantic appeal to the young, which is one of the characteristics of Fascism everywhere, and that savour of the "Secret Society" which has always proved especially attractive in Ireland. In a crisis General O'Duffy might be able to count on the support of a considerable part of the police force that he organised, and he certainly has the sympathy of many Irish and Anglo-Irish business men in Dublin, and of important interests which have been hard hit by the economic war with England. He is, of course, shrewd enough to keep clear of any open connection with supporters in England.

Arms in Ireland

Mr. De Valera's action in requiring the leaders of the Opposition to give up their licensed revolvers called for the effective retort that he was unable or unwilling to confiscate the illegal arms of the I.R.A. It also produced from General O'Duffy a statement that the Blue Shirts did not aim at a *coup d'état* and had no intention of using force except against Communists. This declaration would be more reassuring if General O'Duffy had not since implicitly admitted his Fascist intentions by stating that his object was to end the Parliamentary system which he calls "un-Irish," and if there was not good reason for believing that the Blue-Shirt organisation is now armed not only with revolvers and rifles, but also with the most up-to-date machine-guns recently imported, we hear from reliable sources, into County Kerry from the United States. It is not surprising in these circumstances that Mr. De Valera should post new police detachments to watch over Government buildings, or that he should talk of prohibiting next Sunday's proposed parade of Blue Shirts—some say as many as 30,000—in honour of Griffith, Michael Collins and other Irish patriots. Since General O'Duffy declares that he regards Sunday's parade as a sacred duty to be carried out, if necessary, in defiance of the Government and the police, a clash is regarded as almost inevitable. Even if violence is avoided on this occasion—the inevitable proverbially does not happen in Ireland—the situation seems to be working towards renewed conflict. How far Mr. De Valera really has the full confidence of the I.R.A. and how far he is their servant it is difficult to say. His new series of Bills, designed further to weaken the position of the Crown in Ireland, is universally interpreted as a further sop to their republican aspirations. But Mr. De Valera's real weakness is that he cannot rally his supporters to complete republicanism—because neither he nor they want a Southern Irish Republic without the inclusion of the Northern Counties.

Mr. Roosevelt and Labour

In the United States this week the chief new point of interest has been the Roosevelt Administration's attempt to check the outbreak of Labour disputes. Naturally, in face of the rise in prices, the Labour Unions, where they are strong enough, are already vigorously asking for more; and naturally, in connection with the new industrial codes that are being drawn up, there is an embittered struggle between the large bodies of employers who favour "company unions," or the "open shop," and refuse to recognise the American Federation of Labour, and the advocates of collective bargaining both in the Labour movement and in the Government itself. Once again Mr. Roosevelt has acted promptly, putting pressure on the parties to terminate existing disputes, and setting up a general Mediation Board, which is apparently to act as a court of reference for all differences that arise between employers and workers. How this new body is to operate, and how it will work in with the arrangements for fixing minimum wages and maximum hours under the Industrial Recovery Act, does not yet appear. Probably no one knows. For President Roosevelt settles his problems by creating the machinery first, and then deciding, in the light of current events, what to do with it. The immediate question is whether he will succeed in browbeating into submission the steel and coal magnates who would sooner see the whole Industrial Recovery programme go smash than admit into their works the Trade Unionism which they have so long succeeded in ostracising.

The Cuban Revolt

Those who know anything of Cuban affairs will not be surprised at the outbreak against President Machado and his dictatorship. This masterful gentleman has had eight years of office in which to make himself thoroughly unpopular by his methods of government. A general revolutionary strike was followed by the proclamation of martial law and the rumour of the President's resignation. But the crowds which assembled outside the presidential palace in Havana to celebrate this joyful event found they were mistaken; Machado had not gone, he had merely brought troops with machine-guns into the capital, and a veritable massacre ensued. The question as we write is whether the United States intends to intervene. It has enjoyed the right of intervention in Cuban affairs, "for the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty," since the conclusion of the Spanish-American war in 1901, and it has exercised the right on several occasions. President Roosevelt, it is understood, is not disposed to make any move if he can help it. President Machado, for his part, appeals to his people to defend the independence of the Republic at all costs. But we gather that the greater part of "his people" are more concerned to turn out their own tyrant than to prevent the landing of American marines.

Bolivia and Paraguay

A correspondent in Geneva writes: "An unexpected hitch has occurred in the settlement of the Bolivia-Paraguay dispute, which at long last appeared to be on the eve of solution. The parties after protracted negotiations had accepted a Commission on the spot by the League with wide powers both to put an end to hostilities and to get the dispute settled. The Commission was about to proceed to the Chaco when both parties suddenly informed the League that they would prefer mediation by the four neighbouring Powers, the Argentine, Brazil, Chile and Peru, and asked that they should be invited by the Council to act on its behalf for the settlement of the dispute. The Council pointed out somewhat tartly that the League is the only body legally obliged under the Covenant to seek a settlement, that for more than a year third party intervention had been tried without result, and that 'it now devolves upon the League of Nations alone to seek a rapid settlement.' The Council is by now convinced that only an authoritative Commission on the spot can put a stop to the fighting which has been notoriously made possible only by the purchase of vast stores of munitions bought chiefly from U.S.A. and Great Britain. It is believed here that this new hitch is due to an attempt by Brazil to injure the League in Latin America. Brazil left the League some years ago because she was not given a permanent seat on the Council. The present Brazilian Foreign Minister, M. Mello Franco, who was then Brazilian Ambassador and Permanent Delegate at Geneva, inspired this policy and seems now to be attempting to revenge himself for its failure. The Council has asked the four neighbouring Powers whether they will act as its mandatories on the basis of the Covenant. If Brazil does not agree, it is to be supposed that the Commission will be sent as previously decided."

Burma's Choice

The White Paper which defines the constitution offered to Burma, on the assumption that she separates from India, is unlikely to change a very puzzling situation. The Council elected to decide this issue would accept neither of the clear alternatives. It preferred to maintain its association with India, though in race, language, religion, social structure, and history they are far apart. But then it insisted that it must have the right to secede from the Federation. In the other event, it would claim for itself fuller autonomy than India enjoys. The clue to this rather ambiguous bargaining attitude is that Burma dreads exploitation almost equally by British capitalists and by an Indian majority. Her rich resources have been developed almost exclusively by imported capital, and very largely by Indian labour. It is intelligible then that she perceives the inconveniences of either solution acutely, and seeks to protect herself. The official answer to her demand for the right to secede from the Indian Federation —"if Burma may secede, why not Bengal?"—is not convincing. Burma's relation to India differs in every respect from Bengal's. On the other hand, there is nothing in this White Paper to remove Burma's fears of exploitation, if she stands alone, by British "big business." Apart from defence, foreign policy and currency, she is offered responsible self-government in form, diluted in fact by a Second Chamber nominated as to one-half by the British Governor, who enjoys in addition virtually unlimited powers to override the decisions of his Burmese Ministers and of the Legislature. That means, to put her fears concretely, a veto for oil and the City.

The Tithe War

The tithe war in the corn-growing districts of England, notably the eastern counties and Kent and Sussex, has now become a first-class scandal. A host of owner-farmers (tenant farmers are not affected) are literally crushed by a tax that was fixed in 1925, when agricultural prices were far above their present level, and it is not surprising that they form resisters' leagues, refuse to pay their tithe and chase off, or pelt with rotten eggs, the bailiffs who come to execute distress warrants. There is, of course, a case on the other side. The ecclesiastical tithe that is collected and disbursed by Queen Anne's Bounty goes, in part at least, to the support of wretchedly paid parsons. But cannot the Church of England think of a better way of sustaining its ministers? Nor are we much more impressed than the farmers by the case of the lay tithe owners, amongst whom Oxford and Cambridge colleges bulk large. They have often bought their tithe-rent charges on the investment market—a proceeding which is in itself no more wicked than buying Government stock, but which, having regard to all the circumstances, does seem to invite the attention of Parliament. Parliament will certainly have to take up the whole matter and amend the Act of 1925; the genuine grievance of the farmers and the intransigent attitude of the Bounty make that imperative.

The E.M.B.

The passing of the Empire Marketing Board is an event to be regarded with mixed feelings. Logically, it was always rather an absurd institution; the Dominions had no official part in it, and it was started by Great Britain as a sort of solatium to the Empire when we refused to go protectionist in the far-off days before the slump. The E.M.B. was given a good thumping grant to spend, and left to find ways of getting rid of the money; the sum placed at its disposal was meant to be the equivalent of the advantages the Dominions would have got if we had given them the tariff preferences they demanded. It was never easy for the Board to find even plausibly relevant ways of spending its money. It spent a good deal on very artistic advertising. It did a thoroughly sound thing when it elected to spend most of its resources on subsidies to such excellent research institutions as the Imperial College of Tropical Medicine at Trinidad. Its disappearance now will not matter, provided funds for these types of research continue to be found by the Government from other sources on an equally generous scale.

The Return to Capital

Sir Josiah Stamp has brought up to date, and published in the *Times* this week, his index of business profits. The figures are only provisional, and there is in the methods of compiling them a fair amount of room for error; but they are worth quoting. He gives two indices, one seeking to show the return on ordinary shares only, and the other the return on investments of all sorts, including debentures and bonds as well as ordinary and preference shares. The figures show the *aggregate* return and not the rate per cent.; and this means that no allowance is made for the new capital invested year by year. Taking all investments and the aggregate return in 1924 as 100, Sir Josiah Stamp gets a figure of nearly 107 for 1929, 94½ for 1930, 84 for 1931, and 82 for 1932—the last two figures being definitely provisional. That is to say, the aggregate return on capital appears to have fallen by about one-fifth during the slump, but to have been very little less in 1932 than in 1931. For ordinary shares only the fall, still taking 1924 as 100, is from 114 in 1929 to 94½, 74, and 71½ in the three following years—a fall of more than one-third. There are considerable reductions, especially in the case of ordinary shares, on which one expects the yield to fluctuate widely from year to year. But the fall is less than might have been anticipated in view of the severity of the slump.

Training for Business

The proper training of business executives, how to get the right combination of professional knowledge, judgment and breadth of view, whether the university graduate in the office, the works or the shop can be a round peg in a round hole—these are questions on which there has been a good deal of discussion, public and private. A promising practical attempt to solve the problem is being made by the Department of Business Administration, at the London School of Economics. The Department has now concluded its second year, and it has trained about forty students, nearly all between the ages of twenty-two and twenty-eight. In the coming year, some eight or ten nationally known firms, who are associated with and subscribe to the Department, are offering definite posts to university graduates who will be selected by them and trained by the Department. There will, we imagine, be no dearth of candidates for a course of instruction which is not only interesting in itself, but the prelude to a permanent job. Whether capitalism can escape its doom remains to be seen; but it can certainly repair some of its weaknesses, and this experiment in producing more efficient business administrators is one ot considerable importance.

Liberalism

Much publicity has been given in the press to a wrangle between Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Percy Harris. The essential issues are simple and we should have thought that there was little doubt (*a*) that the Liberal Party as such had declined as a political force; (*b*) that Liberalism which means primarily a belief in freedom and in international peace was a cause more worth fighting for than ever; (*c*) that though the present forms of trade restriction are suicidal, free-trade in the nineteenth century sense has gone for good because the structure of society has changed, and (*d*) that the business of Liberals is to accept State control over foreign trade as an inescapable fact and to set to work to think out a new technique of foreign trade and international relations on that basis. Professor Moley has called this relationship "intra-nationation." At the Liberal Summer School itself Mr. Seebohm Rowntree spoke admirably about housing, pointing out that it was scandalous to pay £180,000 for unemployed building operatives when, in spite of the 2,000,000 houses we have built since the war, we have not begun to cater for the housing needs of the poor. Urging unanswerably that this problem cannot be tackled by private enterprise, he really supplied the answer to Lord Lothian who took the line that there is no half-way house between *laisser faire* and complete Socialism. We believe that in the long run Lord Lothian is likely to prove right in holding that capitalism cannot "plan": we are quite convinced that the return to *laisser faire* is a dream or a nightmare that can never become reality. Which leaves Socialism as the only system likely to distribute to the consumer the abundant wealth that is wasted under capitalism to-day.

HITLER "DOING HIS BEST"?

THE Germans are not such masters in the art of politeness as are the Japanese. But in essence the diplomacy of Berlin and of Tokio shows a remarkable similarity. The Nazis indeed have been close students of Japan's technique of aggression, as we have again and again in these columns predicted they would be. They cannot, it is true, mop up Austria as their Far Eastern exemplar mopped up Manchuria; but if the front door is barred there is still the kitchen window or the roof to get in by. And when objections are raised they will be met by the explanations and excuses (only with more vinegar and less oil in them) with which we were familiarised in the conflict between Japan and the League Powers.

The official reply to the *démarches* of the French and British Governments last Monday was typical. It was uncompromising to the point of impudence. If leaflets have been dropped over Austrian towns, there is no proof that they were dropped from German aircraft. As for broadcasting, why should not the German people be instructed about the situation in Austria? Germany has transgressed no treaties. The Four Power Pact has nothing to do with the matter. The British and French Governments have been led astray by the press, or made tools of by financial interests; and had the responsible ministers in London and Paris not been away on holiday these "inadmissible" protests would never have been made. In short, we are fools and knaves, and Germany is an injured innocent.

If this were the whole story, the situation would be not merely serious, but alarming. It is not the whole story, however; before the British and French ambassadors made their representations, the German Government, we are told, had already given a private assurance to Italy that they would do their best to stop the propaganda raids of German aeroplanes and the use of the wireless to subvert the allegiance of Austrian citizens. That assurance, it is evident, does not square with the terms of the official *communiqué*. It implicitly admits, what that explicitly denies, improper behaviour by Germany—or by some Germans. But suppose we put the best construction on it, and assume that the *communiqué* was a piece of braggadocio for home consumption, there still remains the question of what Herr Hitler means by "doing his best." The phrase itself is an odd one in all the circumstances. Germany, according to the Nazi boasts, is a united State; the malcontents are all suppressed—and besides, it is not they, but zealous Nazis, who are engaged in this Austrian adventure. There is nothing in Germany like the Comintern in Russia—a Fascintern, so to speak, sitting next door, and playing a game of "pull devil, pull baker" with Herr Hitler and Baron von Neurath. Why then should the German Government not say "This shall be stopped," instead of "We will try to stop it"? There are two possible answers; one is that they cannot, the other that they do not intend to leave Austria alone. There is plenty of ground for taking either view. The absorption, or attachment, of Austria is one of the articles of the Nazi faith; the regime is deeply committed to the enterprise, and stands to lose heavily in prestige by dropping it. Nor, on the other hand, have Hitler and his lieutenants—especially his lieutenants—as yet offered any substantial evidence of their own desire for moderation. Profound scepticism on this head reigns from Moscow to Madrid, from Amsterdam to Athens.

But if, for the one reason or the other, the German Government's best proves to be not good enough, then the rest of the world will have to take action. It is not simply the fate of Austria that is involved, but the general peace of Europe. Ideally union with Germany may be the solution of Austria's troubles; but with the Germany of to-day it would be a disaster. The *Anschluss* indeed is not in question at present; even the Germans know the mind of France, of Italy, of the Little Entente, on that. What they hope for is the conversion of Austria, by fair means or foul, to "National Socialism," and the establishment of a regime in Vienna which shall be guided by its big brother in Berlin. The prospect is abhorrent; but we may allow the German Nazis the right to cherish their hope, though, unless the Italian leopard should change his spots, there is little chance of its materialising. But what cannot be allowed is a persistent attack on the independence of Austria, in breach of the treaties and by methods that grossly contravene international usage.

What, then, is to be done, if any action should prove to be necessary? Theoretically, it is possible to coerce Germany into good behaviour. She could be arraigned before the League of Nations under Article XI of the Covenant, which declares it to be "the friendly right of each Member of the League to bring to the attention of the Assembly or of the Council any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which threatens to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends." That course may have to be taken if the mischief is not abated; and a good many people are in favour of its being taken now. But since the miserable fiasco in the Manchurian dispute we are not very hopeful about an appeal to the League. No doubt there is a considerable difference between the circumstances in the two cases; but there is every likelihood that there would be the same shufflings and divisions among the Powers, the same defiance, and the same reluctance to apply sanctions. There might, in truth, be better reasons for hesitating to resort to sanctions against Germany. The Japanese adventure could almost certainly have been nipped in the bud by firm and prompt pressure on the part of the League Powers and the United States. The Germans are in a revolutionary temper, and though sitting on their head might keep them quiet for the moment, it would be no permanent remedy for their madness. As for the Four Power Pact, it is manifestly futile. Germany has flouted its spirit, almost before the ink is dry on her signature, and beyond spirit there is nothing in it.

There remain then two hopes of convincing the German Nazis that they must keep their hands off Austria. One is Mussolini and the other is Great Britain. Germany is all but isolated in Europe, and she cannot afford to lose her one real and powerful friend, which is Italy. A warning from Mussolini will do more than anything else to call a halt to Hitler's aggression. We should like to see that warning given emphatically and at once; hitherto, though the German designs on Austria are obviously in conflict with Italian policy, the Duce appears to have been extraordinarily tender with his nursling.

We can understand that he does not want to offend a Germany which is both Fascist and Francophobe, and therefore doubly dear to him. But the risk is surely negligible, and the necessity of keeping his protégé within bounds is great. As for Great Britain, the Nazis can, of course, look for no such favour from us as they get from Italy. But they are anxious—they have always made a point of it—to secure a more or less benevolent neutrality on our part, and they will be greater lunatics than we take them for, if they continue to inflame British opinion against them. There are people in this country who can regard with comparative equanimity the hounding and beating and killing of "Marxists," Liberals, pacifists or Jews. There are others who would stretch a point even now to right the wrongs done to Germany by the Versailles treaty. But there is nobody who will stand the pursuit of a policy that is calculated to turn Europe into a bear garden.

PROGRESS AND REACTION IN INDIA

The Joint Select Committee has adjourned without doing much except add to the immense bulk of evidence, much of it repetitive and irrelevant, which has been accumulated about India during the last five years. There are no signs of any improvements being made in the White Paper; its vagueness, its lack of a clear time-table, its timidity about fixing ultimate responsibility have only been slightly intensified by the Secretary of State's evidence. No attempt has been made, either in the Committee or outside, to rouse Indian interest in the new Federation. This task is to be left to the Indian Liberals, though their advice will almost certainly be disregarded upon such crucial points as allowing the legislatures some voice in army policy, the future of the Civil Service, and the position of the financial adviser. Sir Samuel Hoare's position is not easy. In the present totally unrepresentative Parliament he is in advance of most of the Government's supporters, but this does not excuse him from looking at this question, which, after all, is mainly an Indian question, from the Indian standpoint. Although federation was first seriously brought forward in India, it has never been accepted as an end in itself by the great bulk of politicians in that country, who are still mainly interested in the transfer of responsibility to Indian hands, and the raising of the status of India, either to that of a dominion or of an independent country.

There has never been a better opportunity of winning Indian support for any reasonable and definite scheme. The tide of Nationalist fervour runs with curious regularity, the flood time occurring about every decade. The decline from the fervour of the years 1928 to 1931 has been unusually rapid. As in 1924, the educated classes are disheartened, their leaders have been too optimistic and have quarrelled amongst themselves, communal and caste differences are acute, shopkeepers have tired of *hartals*, and parents grown weary of their children's absorption in politics. The Government certainly hastened the process by wholesale arrests, not more wholesale than during Lord Irwin's term of office, but more effective because the movement was already subsiding. The confiscation of funds also proved effective in these post-war days when the Congress is used to disbursing large sums of money, but the most potent factor in decline has been the muddled leadership of Mr. Gandhi, who for all his virtues and ability remains an unreliable and egotistic politician. His position was secured by his international reputation, and he has used it to force his peculiar and often inconsistent views upon the Congress, which is a catholic body embracing many political and religious sects. He has disrupted the party, but, unlike the late C. R. Das, he has done little to bring forward men and women who might take his place. Of the youngish middle-aged men who might normally carry on his work, Mr. Sen Gupta has unfortunately died prematurely, others, like Pandit Jahawarlal Nehru, have broken down under the strain of prison and public life, and few have been given any opportunity of achieving more than a local celebrity. The Congress, as an all-Indian body, is not likely to be effective for some time. This does not mean that nationalism is a dying force, or that there are any grounds for official complacency about the end of "subversive movements." National feeling is spreading, but its most important political machine has got badly jammed, and it is difficult to see who will get it working again.

A large number of intelligent men and women are now ready to drop civil disobedience and accept a new constitution, even if it falls considerably short of their ideas. They would not have been willing to do so three years ago, and no one with any knowledge of recent history will expect them to be in the same mood three years hence. The Government of India Bill will be introduced next year. The White Paper and subsequent discussions give some indication of the extent to which it may satisfy this great body of moderate but keenly nationalist opinion. The new reforms will start with a serious disadvantage. They do not settle the question of status, and no educated Indian will consider any constitution as permanent which does not end for ever the suggestion that his countrymen are members of a servile State. Possibly it would have been better if the phrase "dominion status" had never been introduced into Indian politics, for the Federation will be a State *sui generis*, but the quibbling in which Sir Samuel Hoare and others have indulged merely gives an impression of bad faith.

The question of a time-table is still more important. To meet Conservative opinion the White Paper stipulated for three conditions before any change takes place in the central Government. The new Federation is dependent upon the adhesion of half the States, the successful foundation of a Reserve Bank, and certain vaguely specified improvements in the economic situation. Since the Joint Committee has met there has also been much talk of financial difficulties even in the granting of provincial autonomy. If the Government make it clear that they intend to push through their scheme at the earliest possible date, and discuss openly and frankly such obstruction as they may meet, then these conditions are not likely to matter. Few Princes would care to stand in the way of a transfer of responsibility; the Reserve Bank should present no insuperable difficulties if it is part of a great reform scheme; and India's financial position is sound when compared with that of most European and American countries. Given, however, any lack of will on the part of the Government in England, combined with the instinctive obstruction of Delhi and Simla, these conditions entail boundless opportunities for delay, intrigue, and the reconsideration of matters about which agreement has been reached. There is already talk of provincial autonomy in 1935 and of the Federation in 1939. Suppose this is the programme. Five years may be a short time in the life of a nation, but not in that of a movement or of an individual. If the period is occupied by negotiations between Princes and the British-controlled and much distrusted Political Department of the Government of India; if the Secretary of State continues to placate Conservative opposition by belittling his own proposals; if the Provincial Governments begin quarrelling with the unreformed Central Government, then the revival of intransigent nationalism is inevitable, and it will be supported by many who are now prepared to accept the present limitations and safeguards.

A further danger in this period of delay is that it is likely to emphasise the Indian objections to the safeguards and to other provisions of the White Paper. For five years there will be no alteration in the status and recruitment of the Civil Service, and Indians will still see them as the virtual rulers of the country. It is not likely that five years will witness any great advance in the building up of a national army either by

"Indianising" the present army, or spreading recruitment over larger areas. The need for some popular control over military policy, though not over its technical details, will seem far more urgent in 1938. There is also bound to be friction between the provincial and the central Governments over finance. The weakness of dyarchy was that the Indian Ministers of the transferred departments could claim, often with reason, that they were being starved of funds, and that they had no voice in the general financial policy of their province. A similar situation will arise during the intermediate period. Unless there is a sudden revival of trade the same stringency will continue, but instead of the dispute being between the two branches of the provincial Governments, the complaints of the responsible Ministers will be directed against Delhi and the financial dictatorship of the Viceroy. Indians may then wonder what will be the advantage of having a Federation, if this dictatorship is to be continued in the form of safeguards and in the anomalous activities of the Financial Adviser. While, therefore, "subversive movements" in India are temporarily in abeyance, we must under the present procedure expect that their normal revival will coincide with a strong feeling of disillusionment about the Federation before it has even come into being. We shall, in fact, have "missed the boat" by two or three years, just as we did in 1909 with the Morley-Minto reforms, and in 1919 when dyarchy was introduced with the shadow of Amritsar lengthening over the land.

G. T. GARRATT

A LONDON DIARY

ON the assumption that British diplomats should come from Eton, the appointment of Lord Chilston to succeed Sir Esmond Ovey in Moscow is natural enough. Lord Chilston's reputation as Ambassador in Budapest is that of a mild, somewhat ineffectual person; no one I met there had any quarrel with him except the quarrel one may have with people who miss their opportunities. Budapest is one of the centres of European politics, a crossing place for the political wires that run from Paris, Berlin and Rome to Eastern Europe and the Balkans. Lord Chilston is credited in Budapest with being only gently interested in European politics, and I have heard complaints that during the complicated negotiations about the stand-still agreements no one at the British Embassy seemed to know the first thing about economics. But that again is in accordance with our Foreign Office tradition; economics, one is always told there, are outside the diplomatic field—they are the job of such upstart institutions as the Board of Trade. Lord Chilston's great qualification, I take it, is his capacity for avoiding trouble, and that may indeed be considered enough to outweigh many disadvantages in a successor to Sir Esmond Ovey in Moscow. For Sir Esmond, who for years seemed to get on well enough with the Bolsheviks, became involved in a long series of rows with them last autumn and made international incidents out of his right to bring *objets d'art* from Moscow without Customs inspection, his right to pay for his fare to England in roubles, and the Embassy's right to certain privileged ways of obtaining food. These rows culminated in the famous conversations with Litvinoff, and Sir Esmond's very odd advice to the British Government that threats would be effective in averting the trial and obtaining the release of the Moscow prisoners. His recall to England to give the British Government further advice was at the time clearly enough a permanent recall, and I am not surprised that his place should be taken by a man with Lord Chilston's blameless and unenterprising reputation.

* * *

If the United Kingdom Alliance will not listen to so staunch a Temperance reformer as the Rev. Henry Carter they will not heed, no, not if one rise from the dead to tell them that their Prohibition policy is conceived in error and bred in disaster. Mr. Carter's new book, *The English Temperance Movement* (Ebworth Press, 5s.), seems to have been inspired partly by the failure of Prohibition in the United States and partly by the folly of the United Kingdom Alliance in refusing to have anything to do with the report of the Royal Commission on Licensing in 1932 on the ground that it did not envisage or provide machinery for "the day when the drink traffic will be swept out of the country." This object, according to the Alliance, has always been pursued by the Temperance Movement. The Rev. Henry Carter explains in a very interesting piece of historical analysis that Joseph Livesey and other early Temperance advocates were wedded to education as the means of reform and strongly opposed a Prohibition policy, and that the Prohibition movement which began in 1853 has retarded the Temperance Movement ever since. I think he might go much farther. I get annoyed with people who pretend that drink does not do harm. It does immense harm. But I am quite unable to believe that there is something about Englishmen which prevents them from learning to enjoy alcohol as Frenchmen or Italians enjoy it, and it is really deplorable that these enthusiasts are so lacking in the capacity to distinguish cause from effect that they spend their energies trying to "prohibit" instead of co-operating in the work of making decent public houses, in working to abolish poverty and slums. When we have an urban life in which men may live happily and freely they will not seek oblivion in tap-rooms.

* * *

If one considers Lord Rothermere's ferocious Hun-baiting in the past and his share in the carving up of Germany against which Hitlerism is the militant protest, his flamboyant declaration that "Hitler has saved Germany" and his invitation to British youth carefully to follow Nazi development really seem a ghastly mockery. French papers of the Right explain his *volte face* by a sensational story of Rothermere's friendship with Princess Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst. *Le Rempart* of July 15th reproduced a series of what purported to be facsimile photographs of telegrams. One of these addressed to Hohenlohe—not to quote the more intimate examples—is signed "Mailman," dated June 20th, 1927, and reads: "We have received instructions from Viscount Rothermere to notify you that an article boosting Hungary according to your desires is appearing to-morrow." It may well be that the story is mere gossip, but in view of the fully documented account given in *Le Rempart* some denial from Lord Rothermere might surely be expected. A great newspaper proprietor is, after all, a public, not a private, person, and to allow such a story to go uncontradicted is not exactly good for the prestige of British journalism on the Continent.

* * *

I know that among the brown young women with crimson finger nails whom I meet in the streets there are many who have never heard of Logan Pearsall Smith and who do not share my excitement because all his "Trivia" are now published by Constable in one book at the reasonable price of 5s. I know, too, that if I began to read "Trivia" aloud to the polite, no-nonsense-about-them business men who study the *Times* or the *Daily Express* in suburban trains, some of them would resent the interruption. I doubt if I should immediately win their hearts even if I explained that each "Trivium" was perfect in composition, an exquisite sample of English prose, the work of a scholar who is also a consummate artist. Should I succeed if first I expatiated on Pearsall Smith's passion for the right word, on his ironic acceptance of himself and his fellow mammals, on his economy, his brevity and wit? I doubt it. But some day when I have the courage I shall just pluck my neighbour's sleeve, and before he has time to protest read him "Providence," follow it up with "Humiliation," "Social Success," "The Spelling Lesson," and "Ions." Or again—to choose one that is short and representative—I might start with "Edification," which reads as follows:

"I must really improve my mind, I tell myself, and once more begin to patch and repair that crazy structure. So I toil and toil on at the vain task of edification, though the wind tears off the tiles, the floors give way, the ceilings fall, strange birds build untidy nests in the rafters, and owls hoot and laugh in the tumbling chimneys."

Or I might choose "The Goat."

"In the midst of my anecdote a sudden misgiving chilled me—had I told them about this Goat before? And then as I talked there gaped upon me—abyss opening beneath abyss—a darker speculation: when goats are mentioned, do I automatically and always tell this story about the Goat at Portsmouth?"

* * *

I cannot tell you the best story I have heard this week. It concerns a well-known London actor who is so conceited that he bows whenever he hears a clap of thunder.

* * *

When in a District railway carriage or in an omnibus, one can usually tell the type of young man, ranging from 18–25 years in age, who might be a pacifist. He is that species of aggressively offensive unlicked cub, who, utterly regardless of good manners and the comfort of his fellow-passengers, sprawls in every direction. In short, he is that atrocious youthful product of modern intellectualism and education who badly needs three years of enforced military discipline to transform him into a useful citizen, and may be, even, to save him from ultimate gaol.—Correspondent in *Daily Telegraph*.

* * *

Politics may be a good thing or they may be a necessary evil; but the world nowadays has already too much of them *without this invasion of the sanctity of the home*. (My italics).—*Morning Post* on political broadcasting.

* * *

The Economic Conference having terminated, etiquette no longer debars us from bringing forward the fact that Almighty God forbids Leagues and Conferences, in these words:

Associate yourselves, O ye people, and ye shall be broken in pieces.

Give ear, all ye of far countries.

Take counsel together, and it shall come to nought; speak the word and it shall not stand.

Let God be your fear, and let God be your dread.—(*Isa. VIII*).—Advert. in *Morning Post*.

CRITIC

THE MOST POPULAR OF VICES

THE most popular of the vices at the present moment seems to me to be intolerance. It is, at least, the vice that in the last few years has been most conspicuously increasing in popularity. In other words, the world is becoming normal again. It was thought for a time that the war would make a difference —that human nature, having been taught so severe a lesson, could never sink back to the level on which it had been content to exist from the time of Moses to that of Prince von Bülow—that we should thenceforth be a band of brothers, gentle to each other's faults, eager to help each other in the great task of building up a peaceful and delightful society worthy of the sun that shone upon it. Circumstances, however, conspired for the defeat of this charming dream. Peace brought to many millions of people not a glimpse of a brave new world on the horizon, but poverty, loss of liberty, loss of dignity, and numerous other causes of disappointment. Men ceased to fight only in order to wrangle, and, as they wrangled, they drifted towards despair. It was a time that called for a strong man, and, whatever can be said in favour of a moderate man, his damning demerit is that he seldom looks strong. A strong man was all the more urgently needed in large areas of Europe, because it was necessary to combat, not only decay, but the policy of another strong man who was carrying on a crusade against Western civilisation in Russia. Now a strong man cannot look strong unless he is intolerant; and looks count for as much in statesmen as in musical-comedy actresses. Hence, what millions of men and women craved for was a strong-looking man who would cry to them: "The fire of faith is dying. Take up the bellows of intolerance and blow it to a flame again." Many of them are now obediently blowing the bellows and enjoying it because everybody has a childish love of blowing bellows.

It is not difficult to understand the appeal of intolerance to those who have never read history. Intolerance at first sight seems like a magic sword which will swiftly cleave a way through the forces of evil. If one had never read the history of the religious wars there would be good reasons for believing that a single generation of applied intolerance was all that was required in order to establish the perpetual triumph of the true, the beautiful, and the good. Intolerance is also exceedingly attractive, because it makes the blood course more joyously through the veins and increases the activity of the imagination. The intolerant man is still living in the world of fairy-tales in which the hero lives for the destruction of ogres. He may call the chief ogre Catholicism or Protestantism or Capitalism or Communism or even Feebleness in High Places. By whatever name he calls it, he believes that it is a danger to everything he holds dear, and he tells himself that it is an object well worth dying for to rid the world of this pestilence. This conviction is known as faith, and it is attractive even from an aesthetic point of view because it brings a light into men's eyes and a light into their faces as well as into their hearts. To my mind, where we get faith without intolerance we get the most beautiful thing in the world. But even an intolerant faith—perhaps, one ought to say, especially an intolerant faith—exercises a spell on the imagination of mankind. It is a release from Laodiceanism, a proof that life is worth living for something more than eating and sleeping, a communion with the fire in our fellow-men's souls.

Clearly, then, if it were not for its evils, intolerance would have much to be said for it. Hitlerism, Fascism and Stalinism —what ardours they represent, what subordinations of the self, what simplifications of the ancient war between light and darkness! If one could forget their victims, how magnificently large their conceptions would seem compared with the petty aims of garrulous old men in democratic states! Under these iron dictatorships men at least know where they are going. They may not get there; but is it not better to know where one is going and not to get there than not to know where one is going, like a democracy, even if one gets there all the same? It is certainly more heroic, and, above all, it looks more heroic, and I doubt whether a time will ever come when organised heroism will lose its appeal to the imagination.

The greatest obstacle to the triumph of tolerance is the fact that it is the least heroic-looking of the virtues. Reflect for a moment on its dubious origin. "It was," says Buckle, "in an age of dissoluteness that toleration grew up. The dissoluteness passed away; the toleration remains. The Regency which, as Mr. Macaulay has observed, presents a strong analogy to the court of our Charles II, seems to have given rise to toleration." If toleration is merely a natural child of dissoluteness, how can we expect young and ardent spirits to devote their lives to its service in presence of the rival attractions of intolerance, the lovely and legitimate child of faith? Even Coleridge admitted that toleration was of the same family as lukewarmness. "Coleridge," writes Buckle, "made the curious admission that 'toleration then first becomes practicable when indifference has deprived it of all merit.'" It is little wonder that toleration seems to many people a kind of spiritual weak tea. It is but one aspect of good nature, and it is commonly agreed that good nature is merely another name for self-indulgence. Hazlitt, who was himself not a very good-natured man, once pointed out how extremely undesirable good nature was in public affairs. "Good nature," he declared, "or what is often considered as such, is the most selfish of all the virtues; it is nine times out of ten mere indolence of disposition. . . . Good nature is a hypocrite; it tries to pass off its own love of ease and indifference to everything else for a particular softness and mildness of disposition. . . . If the truth were known, the most disagreeable people are the most amiable. . . . They are general righters of wrongs and redressers of grievances. . . . A good-natured person is no more to be trusted in public affairs than a coward or a woman to lead an army. Spleen is the soul of patriotism and of public good. Lord Castlereagh is a good-natured man, Lord Eldon is a good-natured man, Charles Fox was a good-natured man. The last instance is the most decisive. The definition of a true patriot is 'a good hater.' "

It must be confessed that there is a good deal of truth in this indictment. One certainly feels more good-natured during a dinner with a publisher than when one is seriously and unselfishly thinking about the condition of almost any country in Europe between Russia and Ireland. Food and wine produce in us an extraordinary capacity to bear the wrongs of other people with at least temporary equanimity. At the same time, I feel that a complete history of good nature would provide a few examples of good-natured men whose thoughts were occasionally diverted from their stomachs to the public good. Socrates was a good-natured man, and history has placed him on a higher pedestal than the ill-natured men who compassed his death. Mr. Shaw, again, is a good-natured man, and though, perhaps, he devotes too much thought to what food is to be set on his table he can scarcely be accused of lack of public spirit. The history of the struggle for toleration, indeed, is something more than a monotonous chronicle of the self-indulgences of voluptuaries and gourmets. Voltaire was not exactly a saint, but he objected quite altruistically to the torture of his fellow-human-beings for a slight difference of opinion about religion or politics. He lived in a world in which intolerance was still the mother of innumerable cruelties, and, though not a particularly good-natured man, he loathed these cruelties rather more than did the ill-natured men who inflicted them. He was no more tolerant than an inquisitor of what he regarded as evil, but he did not believe in using the sanctions of intolerance—the stake, the rack, the dungeon—in order to combat what he regarded as evil. He was a truly tolerant man who believed that it was possible to fight opinions without punishing people for holding those opinions. Perhaps, if those Englishmen who defend Hitlerism had lived like Voltaire in an age of intolerance—had found themselves unable to express an opinion without fear of punishment, and had never been able to converse without the possibility that a spy in the company might send a false report of their conversation to the authorities—they would have realised that liberty of opinion is an even lovelier thing than beating up people who disagree with one's opinions. There must be something better in life than spies and bad temper. We shall, perhaps, discover that freedom is better when we cease to possess it. And then decent men will give their lives for its recovery. And when they have recovered it they will think nothing of it. And so on.

Y. Y.

ON MONEYLENDERS

In almost every poor street there is one house with evidences of startling prosperity—solid and expensive furniture, good clothes, luxurious meals, money for cinemas and days at Southend. Yet the owner of all this wealth often does not appear to be "gainfully employed." The mystery is easily solved. This is a person who has at some time saved or inherited a small sum of money, started a moneylending business and thriven upon it.

At first sight it would not appear to be so profitable to lend small sums of money to poor people. The Moneylenders Act (1927) provides that all moneylenders must take out a licence, the charge for which is £15 per annum. Interest must not in any circumstances exceed 48 per cent. per annum, and the Court may decide that a transaction is "harsh and unconscionable" and that the interest charged in certain cases is excessive although not exceeding 48 per cent. per annum. This is a very high rate, but if allowance is made for bad debts the business does not seem to promise a fortune. Yet fortunes are made at it, and even where there is much competition and individual businesses are small, moneylenders do well.

The secret is that the law is broken. I know of no other law which is broken so often and so openly. *The recognised rate of interest for weekly loans is 1s. 8d. in the £, or 1d. in the shilling, i.e.,* 433 *per cent. per annum.* This rate is paid as a matter of course. It is never questioned.

In another way the Moneylenders Act is widely disregarded. Not only do licensed lenders charge illegal rates, but the largest trade is often done by unlicensed lenders. The Act provides that a licence must be granted at petty sessions or, in the metropolitan police district, by a police magistrate. The licence must bear the licensee's true name. Borrowers are protected in various ways, especially in the rigid restrictions placed on moneylending advertisements—which are virtually forbidden. But in practice this wise legislation is of little account. The majority of people who lend money in small weekly sums do not apply for a licence and do not need to advertise. The poorer the district the better their prospects.

A man whose hours of employment depend on good weather has a run of bad luck and earns only from 24s. to 30s. a week, for several weeks in succession. He has a family to keep. Clothing, sheets, his wife's wedding ring, everything on which it is possible to raise a few shillings go to the pawn shop. Rent and insurances are owing and there is not enough money for food and fuel. The children's shoes need mending. Secure in the prospect of better weather soon, the man (or his wife) borrows from the moneylender. The job ends long before the debt can be repaid, and the interest has to be met every week. An influenza epidemic comes; several wage-earners in the same family are all ill together and the Health Insurance benefit does not come through at once. It seems a simple matter for this family to repay a loan, but illness is expensive, it may last longer than anyone expected, and unemployment may come at any moment.

These are typical instances of the way in which debts start—but there are a thousand emergencies when immediate cash is a necessity: money has to be found for a railway journey, for a doctor, for all-night fires in a case of sudden pneumonia; there are periods of waiting for pensions and accident compensation awards; there is the recurring horror of being shut out for a few weeks at a time whenever work is slack. It is then that a family gets into the moneylender's hands. I will explain what this means by a few actual instances:

(1) A man earned £2 13s. 4d. a week. He had a wife and five children, only the youngest of whom was still at school. Of the elder children one son was epileptic and unemployable and two were out of work. One of these boys was not in a position to draw unemployment benefit; the other drew 15s. 3d. A daughter of fourteen earned 12s. a week, out of which she had to pay fares and dinner money and buy her clothes. Their rent for a four-roomed flat was 18s. a week. During various periods of illness and misfortune this family had borrowed £22 10s. from a moneylender. *Every Friday £1 17s. 6d. had to be paid in interest only*, and every week more money was borrowed.

(2) The mother of a large family borrowed £5 from a moneylender when her husband had had a long spell of unemployment. The children were all of school age, but the mother had a little morning work as a cleaner, and the man's wages were about £2 18s. a week. These people paid £1 regularly every week to the moneylender, who charged them at the rate of 4s. *in the £.*

(3) A man with a small greengrocer's shop had a run of bad luck. He was industrious and careful; he tided over the bad time and rented a better shop, but he could not afford to stock it. He borrowed £9 from an unlicensed moneylender who agreed to charge him 1s. in the £ weekly. He has paid the 9s. every week for several years and has never earned enough to repay the principal.

Thousands of such stories could be told in every large town.

No licensed moneylender charging in excess of the legal rate and no unlicensed lender could prosecute a client who refused to pay either principal or interest. Yet the moneylender is secure, and for several reasons. As a rule the borrowers have a high standard of honour, and are shocked at any suggestion of repudiation. Others will not risk being "shown up"; for the lender, being well-to-do, is often influential and knows how to make life very unpleasant for defaulters. More important still is the inescapable fact of poverty itself. There will be other occasions of desperate need. These men and women who thrive on their neighbours' misfortunes are actually held in esteem; they are regarded as friends who are kind enough to oblige the unfortunate.

I have only touched on the more obvious forms of usury. There are many others. The "check" system is an example. The check-holder gives 3*s.* 6*d.* in cash in return for a species of promissory note by which the borrower agrees to repay 1*s.* a week for six weeks. There is the scandal of the hire-purchase system, particularly as applied to the sale of furniture. Some firms supply tolerably good furniture, charging about 50 per cent. above its value, plus normal interest rates for deferred payments. In this way they cover losses and pay for advertisements. Other firms supply furniture of very poor quality —chests-of-drawers and tables which crack and warp and fall to pieces, easy chairs with cheap rexine stretched over poor quality springs, which splits in a few weeks. Both types of dealer confiscate nearly all or all the furniture if payments are not maintained, though they sometimes reduce rates per month and wait for their money for a considerable time rather than take back worn furniture into stock. I know one family which has lost two "homes" in this way, each time when more than two-thirds of the money had been paid. Pianos seem more often to return to the shop than to be paid for, for the obvious reason that 60 guineas is too much to pay for a piano when necessaries are short.

While poverty is widespread these evils will continue; but they would be lessened if illegal moneylenders were more often prosecuted. The licensed lender who does an honest trade generally keeps well within the law on a 40 per cent. basis—or 4*s.* in the £ for a six months' loan. This type of lender takes principal and interest payments together by the week or month to suit his clients. It is the 1*d.*-a-week-on-a-shilling man and woman who must be forced to shut the shop.

Lastly, this is a question of education. If lectures were given at schools and evening classes, and broadcast talks arranged to explain the law of moneylending (it is very simple), at least some victims would refuse to pay another penny of these illegal charges, and the general warning would force lenders to reduce rates.

IRENE T. BARCLAY

Correspondence

WAR, PACIFISM AND SADISM

SIR,—Dr. Glover proves too much. He states the hoary half-truth "human nature does not change" in terms of the latest discoveries of psycho-analysis, and then perpetrates the equally hoary *non sequitur* "therefore wars will never cease" and bids us accept it as an eternal verity. If Dr. Glover could hop into a Time Machine he would, I suppose, go back and tell intelligent tribesmen in the days of the Heptarchy who dreamed of England being united that their dream was idle. Spinning forward again through the ages he would pause to prove irrefutably to the believers in tolerance during the era of religious wars, and to those who strove in the nineteenth century for the unification of Germany and Italy, that their sadistic complexes doomed their projects to failure.

To get rid of war we must subordinate national sovereignty to world-wide organisation and patriotism to a world-loyalty to that organisation. We must recognise that war as an institution, its parent national sovereignty, and behind them both the traditional concepts of patriotism, have become contrary to the fundamental instinct of self-preservation. Human nature never changes perhaps, but human history is littered with dead institutions and with fresh adaptations to the increasingly complex and widely based civilisation that has grown up under the pressure of growing human knowledge and consequent new ideas. I see no reason why that process should not continue.

When Dr. Glover tells us it is impossible to abolish war because his psycho-analytic man will not have it, I reply that his psycho-analytic man—all bowels and no brain—is as much an abstraction as the bloodless economic man—all brain and no bowels—of earlier theorists. Man is not guided exclusively, or even principally, by enlightened self-interest. But neither is he completely devoid of intelligence. In the long run he will have a sufficiently lively and realistic sense of self-preservation not to destroy his civilisation and go back to the dark ages.

Nevertheless the half-truth with which Dr. Glover is so exclusively preoccupied is real and important: to have peace we must undergo something like a spiritual revolution. There must be a radical patriotic reformation leading to international tolerance as complete as present day religious tolerance. That requires a new twist to education and much propaganda and effort to substitute realistic and humanist beliefs for the abstract mysticism inculcated by traditional patriotism. Above all it requires a spirit of loyalty to the world's collective peace system overriding national loyalties on the issue of war.

That is precisely what is suggested in Mr. Henderson's pamphlet on Labour's Foreign Policy, which Dr. Glover in his fatalism so unfairly (and obscurely) derides; Mr. Henderson is concerned principally with the development and better functioning of the world's peace institutions. But he also deals decisively with the question of how these dry bones are to be made to live. He quotes a resolution of the Congress of the Labour and Socialist International, stating that it is the duty of all Socialist and Labour parties:

> To secure the exercise of the strongest possible pressure, even the most revolutionary, by the masses, against every Government which refuses to accept or to respect Arbitration, but has recourse to War in the case of an international conflict.

He writes:

> With the other civilised nations of the world, Great Britain has signed the Pact of Paris; she has renounced war as an instrument of national policy; every section of the Labour Movement is determined that that pledge shall be honoured to the full. If any Government should ever seek, in violation of that pledge, to involve Great Britain in war, it would be opposed by the united strength of the Labour Movement.

Mr. Walter Citrine, as reported in the *Daily Herald* of July 31st, speaking as President of the triennial Congress of the International Federation of Trade Unions, said that:

> It seemed everywhere expected that the working-class organisations would by means of the general strike resist the attempts to make war . . . Governments must be made to face their responsibility. They must comply with their obligations as members of the League and signatories of the Peace Pact. From this Congress we announce as Trade Unionists we shall accept not the word of our Governments, but the judgment of the world community on the question of war and peace.

The Congress decided on a general strike against a Covenant-breaker (*Daily Herald*, August 4th). The *Daily Herald* of July 31st reports Sir Stafford Cripps as saying that:

> The workers of this country must pledge themselves not to take part in any war in which our country was acting contrary to conventions, treaties and the League of Nations' decisions.

Some two weeks earlier Sir Stafford Cripps, speaking at the National Peace Congress in Oxford (reported in the *Oxford Mail* of July 11th), said:

> Are we prepared, if this country were to go to war contrary to a decision of the League of Nations, to take up an attitude of loyalty to the League of Nations and not loyalty to our own country?
>
> This is a very hard position to take up. How many of us, if war was imminent, if our Government decided, contrary to the League of Nations and to its pacts and agreements, to enter upon war, how many of us would give up our loyalty to our country in favour of our loyalty to the greater unity?
>
> I believe myself, that once having thought out the problem and decided that in the interests of humanity the great loyalty to the greater unity was that which was the duty of a world citizen, then we must be prepared to take every means available in order to stop this country going to war. I believe that if the determination of the people of this country and the people in other countries were to take that supreme step, we should go a very long way towards making war impossible. Short of that, I believe we can do very little, in view of the economic pressure which is upon the countries of the world.
>
> If anything could be done in this country to make the world realise that there are millions of people who were determined and prepared to withhold all service and take every action to prevent their goverment acting contrary to the League of Nations, we should then have takem a great step towards ensuring peace for the world.

These are surely pronouncements of revolutionary importance.

They show that the leaders of the Labour Movement at any rate are facing up to the problem of how the traditional loyalties of patriotism must be transformed and widened if the League of Nations is to become an effective guarantor of world peace.

This spiritual revolution would be ineffective unless it supplied the driving power for a bold and comprehensive peace policy. Such a policy is proposed in Mr. Henderson's pamphlet, as Dr. Glover admits. But does he not agree that this spiritual revolution, the cutting loose from the anarchic and barbarous aspect of traditional patriotism and the substitution therefor of a wider loyalty, is the indispensable psychological basis for making any peace programme effective?

To me it seems the fundamental issue in the whole question of peace. Hitherto the League of Nations Union has run away from it. But sooner or later it must be faced by all those who aspire to guide public opinion on what we must do if we are to have peace. "A BELIEVER IN WORLD UNION"

SIR,—May I, as an ex-Service working man, be allowed a little space in your columns to give an opinion upon the review by Mr. Joad of the book *War, Sadism and Pacifism*. I am not competent to write in psychological terms about the "instincts, repressions and complexes" of the war-time soldier, but as an ex-member of the P.B.I. I know the reasons that made me join the army in 1914.

I wanted to get away from a monotonous job, and I thought the war would give me a chance to see the world. And I knew that a uniform would look attractive to the girls. Of course, the propaganda in the papers made me believe that all Germans, Austrians and Turks were infant-killing maniacs.

But I deny that I had any "blood lust." I went into the trenches for the first time with an empty feeling in the pit of the stomach known as "wind up," and I killed the enemy because I was afraid that if I did not he would kill me.

I did not want to fight and I did not want to kill, but an iron discipline compelled me to do it. My greatest ambitions were to "swing the lead" and to get home as soon as I could. I took no sadistic delight in doing any "menial tasks," and I hated all who were in authority over me.

In conclusion, I wish to say that many learned psychologists grope into our minds and drag out dark and bestial primitive instincts that periodically make us desire to shed human blood.

But I think I speak for the "man in the street" when I say that we go to war because we are ignorant, deluded and frightened.

139 Hornsey Park Road, N.8. FULL PRIVATE 1914–1918

BRITISH SUBJECTS IN GERMANY

SIR,—I was very glad to read Mr. G. Harcourt's letter in last week's issue and to hear of his experience, for although "one swallow does not make a summer," either in his case or in the case I quoted, it is comforting to be reassured on the subject. I was especially glad in view of the fact that a report from the Consul in Berlin showed me that I had been misinformed, or shall we say, *under*-informed. Certainly, if I had been in possession of the Consul's report I should not have written in just the way I did.

It seems that "Mr. Zero" was destitute and awaiting deportation, in any case, and that he was doubly unfortunate that his deportation happened to synchronise with the Nazi "drive."

WINIFRED HORRABIN

[In view of the importance of the subject we felt it our business to publish Mrs. Horrabin's original letter. We believe that the British authorities have done their best for British subjects in Germany in a difficult period and gladly note that the case cited by Mrs. Horrabin does not constitute an exception.—ED., *N.S.& N.*]

A JOURNEY THROUGH RUSSIA

SIR,—We have just returned from a tour in Russia, which took us down the Volga and through the area now known as the North Caucasus, to Tiflis and Batum, and into the Crimea and the Ukraine, as well as to the capitals. One of us speaks Russian efficiently; one of us has kept house in three continents and been a member of a war-time Food Committee; one of us has been in contact with one of the worst of the Indian famines, not at its very epicentre, but within its circumference. We think some of your readers may like to know our impressions, especially on the "condition-of-the-people question."

A parsimonious man takes a reef in his belt in order that he, or his descendants, may have the means of future enjoyment. The Russian nation is doing precisely this, but doing it with reservations. There is no parsimony over the care and education of the children, and no parsimony over the prevention and cure of disease. The hardest worker gets the best treatment. The parsimony is most ruthless against those who are believed to be hostile to the existing order. It is not kind to those who are useless to it. This is not Communism; but no Russian fancies that it is Communism.

The urban worker and his dependents are rationed. Besides his factory meals, sometimes gratuitous, sometimes paid for at a low price, he has his ration card, which gives him the necessities cheaply enough, and he has his "closed" co-operative, which serves him better or worse, both as regards supply and as regards price, according to the efficiency of the management in which he plays his potential part. There is no general price level, and the worker who is off his card or away from his closed co-operative may have to buy in the open market.

We travelled on the Volga with a shock-worker, on his way to a Central Asian mill, who, returning with a rueful face from his local shopping, brought to the boat a lump of black bread. He had paid for it at a rate which—allowing twopence as the actual value of the rouble for which the Government fixed the exchange value of three shillings—we could not calculate to be less than tenpence a pound. On his card he would have paid less than a halfpenny a pound for it.

This was bad luck, and it was incidental. Ordinarily the urban worker and his dependents do well, and sometimes very well. There are islands of prosperity and amenity which reach a high standard of comfort—with good asphalt roads, houses supplied with wireless, electric lighting, central heating, water laid on, good schools for all ages, good hospitals, marvellous workmen's clubs, containing everything from a crèche to a theatre with a revolving stage, and well-stored co-operative shops with moderate prices; and outside of these islands, and still within urban limits, there are areas of a less phenomenal development. A Siberian miner told us that in his settlement only black bread and tea were available, except for the specialists. But it is exceptional to see the urban worker and his dependents looking otherwise than well-fed and well-clothed.

Unevenness, however, is a characteristic of Russian conditions. Those who describe a large part of the area known as the North Caucasus as suffering from famine conditions are not, we think, exaggerating; and, unless the stories current among the people of the treatment of the Kuban Cossacks are merely echoes of something which happened last year, "kulaks" are still being deported from this area for resisting collectivisation. There is serious shortage of food both in Odessa and in Kiev and generally in South Russia, excepting the Crimea and the Transcaucasus, but every apparent prospect of a good harvest in the Ukraine this year. The German Republic on the Volga, which suffered badly in 1932, is recovering its prosperity.

The North Caucasus, the Ukraine and the German Republic are for historical reasons the most individualistic in European Russia. There were reasons (from the Bolshevik standpoint) why collectivisation should be rapid; but there was injudicious and ruthless haste. (It was not carried out by police, as the Riga correspondent of the *Times* seeks to assure us.) The technique of the remuneration of labour on the collective farms is only now being worked out, and it presents difficulties which would appal a less audacious administration. The present method of collecting the Government's dues as a fraction of the actual produce is only less dangerous than the old one of taking a fixed amount in kind, irrespective of the yield. An Indian Land Revenue Officer, conscious of the difficulties of collection in kind over huge areas, without even a systematic harvest inspection record, would hold up his hands in horror at the prospect.

And yet—there is no unemployment in Russia. Emigrant Russians are flocking back, not by ones and twos, but by hundreds, on the news of work to be obtained. One of us, in the days before the war, heard perpetually from the lips of Russian youth the repetition of the word which means "boredom" and much of Russian literature echoed that theme. We never, during the present visit, heard that word. Youth is happy in Russia; and there is work for the willing.

To us, aware by daily experience of the dangers of fanaticism among a Mohammedan population, the courage—to use no stronger word—of a Government which can prohibit Mohammedan polygamy and announce its intention of defending Mohammedan women against Shara'at (the Koranic law) and Adat (custom), presents a fascinating problem. But we have already exceeded the reasonable limits of a letter.

JOHN MAYNARD
ALFREDA MAYNARD

HITLER AS PEACEMAKER

SIR,—Is there any machinery in existence by which private citizens can recommend potential prize-winners to the Nobel Committee? If so, I should like to enter Herr Hitler's name for the Peace Prize. I can think of no statesman since the war who has done so much to bring the nations together. (1) He has united the Catholics and the Jews (which nobody has been able to do for nearly two thousand years). (2) He has brought France and Italy together (which nobody has been able to do for fifteen years). (3) By his treatment of Austria he has dissipated the spectre of the *Anschluss*. (4) He has relieved the Poles of all fear that the Powers will give Germany back the "Corridor." (5) He has relegated to the distant future all danger of a European War of Revenge by isolating Germany and leaving her without a single possible ally of any kind. (6) He has brought together not only France and Italy but Soviet Russia, Poland and the Little Entente, and, crowning miracle of all, he has even turned M. Titulescu into a Russophile.

Not a bad record of positive achievement in six short months. It is difficult to see what more Herr Hitler could have done for peace if he had been trying to. ARCHIBALD LYALL

19 Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W.7.

ROAD ACCIDENTS

SIR,—To concentrate criticism on the exceptionally reckless motorist or pedestrian is surely to miss the main point. The bulk of fatalities and other accidents are the inevitable accompaniment of the high speeds which have become normal since the abolition of the speed-limit for private motors. They result from momentary carelessness or muddle-headedness on the part of pedestrian or motorist (or, much more rarely, from unpredictable causes—a mechanical defect in the vehicle, a slip or stumble of the pedestrian).

Can it be seriously disputed that a large part of such accidents, probably more than fifty per cent. of them, would cease if a low speed-limit were imposed and enforced in all towns and villages, and on all narrow country roads? And this for the simplest of reasons; there would then be time for the motorist to pull up, or for the pedestrian to get out of the way.

If the public would but throw off the fatalistic apathy which regards death or maiming as the natural, though regrettable, penalty of the least thoughtlessness, it could insist on this step at least. CHARLES STURGE

London.

FACTORY GIRLS' HOLIDAY FUND

SIR,—Will you allow us to make a very urgent appeal on behalf of the Factory Girls' Country Holiday Fund? Started many years ago in Central London at Saffron Hill, it ministers now to girls and women living and working as far apart as Stratford and Battersea.

A visit to one of the many Factory Girls' Clubs scattered all over London, where these girls and women assemble and bring week by week, for months, their own small contributions, often a few pence, towards a holiday ardently longed for as a rest from monotonous work and a change from the lifeless air of crowded homes, would touch the heart of anyone more fortunate. A visit to the Headquarters of the Fund on a Saturday in July and August, the months in which the greater number of girls and women are sent away and come back, would convince a thorough sceptic of the real utility and value of our work.

The Fund aims at helping those who seek to some extent to help themselves and at arranging a fortnight's holiday for them. This year, unfortunately, many of the girls and women, owing to lack of employment among other members of their family, cannot hope to have more than one week, unless the response to our appeal is exceptionally generous.

Our organisation in the course of years has become very complete. We have ready and waiting hundreds of homes with kindly cottagers who will welcome their visitors and do their utmost to make them comfortable and happy. We have many experienced voluntary workers who place their services at our disposal, make all necessary arrangements, and take a friendly interest in the visitors as they come week by week. Our old subscribers have stood by us nobly through many difficult years. We are asking for more support from the kindly general public, and we do so in the confident hope that, bad as times are for most of us, they will not allow our girls and women to go without the little rest and change they need so much.

Subscriptions and donations will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Slater, or Miss Mary Canney, 75 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

ALBERTA SANDWICH, A. F. LONDON, LOUISE CREIGHTON, LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, THOMAS BARLOW, ROBERT F. HORTON, J. H. HERTZ, Chief Rabbi; MARGARET LOCH, Chairman; ANNE SLATER, Hon. Treasurer.

75 Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

HOUSING IN GLASGOW

SIR,—Although entirely ignorant of housing problems, I take the liberty of questioning the suggestion, in "Fog and Slums" in your issue of July 29th, that Glasgow needs 100,000 houses. Since the shortage occurs in the poorer districts where families are still fairly large, the assumption of five persons to a household would not seem excessive. That means that we lack suitable accommodation for 500,000 people, which is almost exactly half the population of Glasgow. In other words, the present city can only house half our population and we still require to build another city of the same size! Is that what your figures mean? If not, where have I gone wrong?

193 Kent Road, THOMAS MCALPINE
Glasgow, C3.

[Our correspondent will find the Glasgow housing problem discussed fully in an article by Mr. P. H. Massey in the *Architects' Journal* of June 22nd, 1933. The statement, which is quoted by the writer, that Glasgow needs 100,000 houses, was made by another well-known investigator, Mr. Howard Marshall. Mr. Massey himself estimates that, if you adopt a standard of 1½ persons per room, 700,000 of the people of Glasgow are overcrowded, 200,000 of these are living at over three to a room, and 79,000 at over four to a room. His own conclusion is that "about 85,000 houses would be required to abate overcrowding at over 1½ per room and replace all uninhabited houses."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

Miscellany

WATER-NOMADS

THE year 1917 was a year of exceptional rain in many parts of Africa: the rivers in the Lango country overflowed their banks and the Lake rose twenty feet or more. All the lakeside villages were under water and the villagers had to move several miles inland, leaving their gardens to the floods. The rainmakers were unpopular, as they could do nothing to stop the excessive bounty which their skill had provided. They persisted, however, in averring that floods and disastrous rains came in cycles of twenty-one years and that they had warned their people that it would be so. But their people were heedless and would not listen till their gardens and villages had been destroyed, which was a pity (said the rainmakers) as their obduracy lost them the first fruits that were their due. A story also went round that the Lake demanded a sacrifice and that the waters would not subside till a man and a woman had been thrown into it alive. This could not be done, at any rate openly, because of our (to them) absurd prejudices on such matters as human sacrifice, cannibalism and so forth. But, as it happened, the Lake had its sacrifice and within a week the floods began to fall—a coincidence which gave the local prophets some badly needed prestige and ensured the victimisation of two humans, when the next serious flood should come along. For one of the government steamers sank off the Buruli coast, and an old woman and a boy were drowned before they could be saved. The sinking of this steamer remained something of a mystery, because it was subsequently found that her cocks had been opened, though whether that was deliberate or the result of drunken folly was never fully established. Whatever the cause, however, the accident confirmed the natives in the wisdom of their own superstitions and in the colossal stupidity of the whites.

On this lake, as on many African rivers, dense floating vegetation obstructs navigation. Over some twenty feet of water one finds a thick canopy of water plants and detritus which grow into a compact mass, completely solid and capable of bearing a man's weight. Indeed, there is a " ford " over a river farther north, the Koli, which is only crossable by this means, as under the vegetation the stream runs very swiftly and is also unusually deep. Every step makes the canopy quake and the sense of insecurity makes the motion quite nauseating. Indeed, care has to be taken in walking, as the vegetation is not of an even thickness, and one's leg not infrequently breaks through the crust, so that the traveller can only save himself from drowning by throwing himself forward at full length. It may well be imagined how unpleasant it would be to fall right through, as on this river there is no clear water for miles and, pent in by the floating vegetation, the current runs so swiftly underneath that anyone falling through is bound to be carried along without any possibility of his breaking a way out to the surface.

On the Lake, however, the canopy attains an even greater thickness, and it is either attached to the mainland or takes the form of floating islands. Incidentally the Lake steamers deal with the islands in rather an unexpected fashion, as they make no attempt to avoid them. They charge them at full speed and pass over them ; for depressed by the bows of the steamer, the islands sink under the water and rise to the surface again, completely undamaged, after the steamer has passed.

So thick and compact are some of these islands and so extensive the vegetation that projects from the mainland, that they are able to support a permanent population. There is a tribe that literally lives on Lake Kioga. They are known as Bakenyi to their neighbours, though that is almost certainly not their name, if indeed they have ever thought it worth while to have a name for themselves. They are water-nomads, who are the remains of a much earlier people than most of the present-day inhabitants of Africa, and survive on a few other lakes as well, Bangweulu, and even Tana in Northern Abyssinia. They have few possessions and are unskilled in all pursuits except that of fishing. They avoid the solid earth as much as possible, and are only completely at home on their quaking islands, where they seem to enjoy their seclusion and immunity from interference. They build little huts on the islands, each family forming a distinct unit, and barter their surplus fish with the earth-dwellers for beer. The papyrus and other vegetation is trodden and beaten down to make the floor of the " village," and though there is a constant seepage of water, it is a tolerably solid foundation, and there is no danger of anyone falling through. With their family canoes they pay frequent visits to their neighbours, and amuse themselves far into the night with jolly beer-parties. They even dance on these floating islands and the effect of the rhythmic movements of the dance is considerably enhanced by the resilience of the floor. The wash of a passing steamer sends a rippling movement through the whole island which, to one unused to the life, is distinctly eerie, especially if one happens to be sitting inside the hut. The sensation may best be compared with that of an earthquake on land.

Once a year I had to visit these people in their floating homes, and they did their best to make me welcome, though I never found it possible to be really comfortable. It was too damp for one thing, and the mosquitoes were almost unendurable. But above all the everlasting smell of fish, fresh, dried and decomposed, fish for eating and fish for bait, guts, scales and bones littering the environs of the village and attracting a strange, but unpleasantly voracious insect life—all this fishiness made me long, after a few days, for the honest smell of meat and the smoky homeliness of terrestial villages. Their sense of hospitality was enormous, but of cleanliness infinitesimal. Nevertheless, despite its inconveniences and its characteristic effluvium, which to-day is my most abiding memory, this annual journey during which I spent three weeks in dug-outs and on not too solid islands was always a pleasant diversion and an agreeable break in the monotony of land travel.

The year of the flood was in many ways a bad one for these lake-dwellers. Fish kept changing their quarters and seemed to become surprisingly scarce or unusually difficult to catch. But nothing seemed to upset the equanimity of the Bakenyi, who are surely the most phlegmatic people in Africa. If the fish moved, so did they, and were quite happy on another island. One day, standing on the promontory of Bululu I observed a delightful example of their insouciance. The rise in the Lake level had severely dislocated the floating vegetation which clung to the mainland, and had torn away great chunks of the stuff and sent it whirling down with the current, only to be caught up elsewhere in the Lake. Off Bululu the Lake narrows down to the merest channel, with the result that there is quite a strong current running. As I was looking out shortly before sunset, I saw an island which the rising waters had detached. It was sailing down stream at about three miles an hour, trailing a small canoe behind it, tied to the island by a painter. On the island was a hut, and a fire was burning brightly outside it, around which sat a family of three, completely unperturbed. They did not mind a bit : this convulsion in their lives meant nothing to them : they would find as good fishing elsewhere as the fishing which they had involuntarily left, and there was nothing to worry about : for in a few hours, or a day, their island home would find an anchorage and they would hitch up to some other promontory elsewhere in the Lake.

J. H. DRIBERG

THUNDER

Do you remember how they sat for hours
Just drinking,
Talking and laughing and growing affectionate
And pledging one another and all the clinking
Of those golden glasses ;
And how they smiled,
Smiled with shimmering eyes
That opened and shut like butterflies ?

And then the thunder
Suddenly crashing overhead,
Accompanied by the identical rhythm of the Frau Doktor's
laughter ;
How they paused and silence floated down the table
Till, nodding wisely at the ceiling, someone said
" Thunder,"
And they all agreed and were embarrassed

Until in a second it came again,
Then the glasses jerked towards each other and staggered
away
Surprised into a long-drawn-out, meticulous greeting,
And the spell was broken.

But the head with the stand-up hair,
The head of the one who had spoken,
Still floated serene, detached, upon the air
Like a single, decorative head of clover
Floating in a transparent bowl of water on a guéridon.

JESSICA WARE

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, August 12th—
Cricket, England *v.* West Indies, Oval.
Promenade Concert Season begins, Queen's Hall.

TUESDAY, August 15th—
National Radio Exhibition, Olympia.
" Is Life Worth Living ? " Ambassadors Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, August 16th—
Flower Show, Shrewsbury.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

“DOCTOR SNOUT has been telling us that we may go on eating white bread,” said Lady Keltie. “He says ordinary bread and butter is quite wholesome.” She was always delighted to quote masculine authority, for it offered a particularly suitable field for the delicate ridicule with which she always spoke of everything. On health, the arts, morals and social questions she liked to hear safe conventional opinions laid down and then to make fun of the old fogeys who uttered them. In much the same way a weak woman will laugh at the ugly growls and ridiculous suspicions of the slobbering old bulldog she keeps to protect her from burglars. Delightfully ridiculous and delightfully reassuring and it is doubly amusing to be able to take it both ways at once. She was liberal and advanced and the very opposite of stuffy—but if anything serious or unpleasant turned up, she stopped frisking like Primavera in the surf and ran back to the shelter of the Victorian bathing machine. We must not mock her too much since we should all be glad to take refuge on a British gunboat if we were caught in a Chinese civil war. Next to the dietetic authorities who said there was no harm in taking salt with an egg, mustard with beef or a cocktail before dinner, she liked to read such pages as this in the serious weeklies and the Sunday papers and announce to her family: “Hodge says it is quite all right to enjoy Splodge, and that's so consoling because I've read the book already.” If Lady Keltie had read a book, it meant that she liked it, since if she wasn't going to like it she instinctively abandoned it before she came across something that she would dislike.

* * *

With the memory of Lady K. in my mind, I am always a bit shy of adopting the tone of one ratifying the *fait accompli*. I have no wish to justify reading, let us say, Bernard Darwin's articles on golf. It is enough to say that though I have never played a round in my life, I love to read about the old wooden putter and the Sunday morning games amongst the flower beds. Why justify one's tastes? Do we need a physiologist to tell us to drink when we are dry? When I was a young man I discovered that I liked looking at pretty girls performing feats of agility. Such a surprising taste seemed to me then to require a profound explanation and for many years I equipped myself with aesthetic reasons of a highbrow order. But with the passage of years these hypocrisies have come to seem ridiculous, and the fact that I like looking at beautiful girls seems to require less explanation than that I like looking at hills or trees or flowers. If one must explain one thing in terms of another, it is more sensible to explain the beauty of the South Downs in terms of S.A., than the attraction of “a fine woman” in terms of the undulations of Firle Beacon.

* * *

The late Little Tich made me laugh more than any music-hall artist I have seen on the stage. With three feathers on his head, a long train, and a chair too high for him skidding over a slippery floor, he appeared as an old lady singing: “I'm to be presented at Court.” He could elaborate with these materials as many jokes as there were mathematical possibilities of permutation and combination. I used to laugh until I could no longer see him, laughed until I was black in the face and only managed to stave off apoplexy because I could not bear to miss his next turn.

* * *

I never have read a book that seemed to me as funny as Little Tich. The funny writer has a harder job to impose his mood on us and his jokes, like the court cards in a game of beggar-my-neighbour, have to be padded out with chaff. It is therefore absurd to compare the weak broth of P. G. Wodehouse with the concentrated consommé of Little Tich. Yet at his best Wodehouse is very funny indeed, and his last book, *Heavy Weather* (Jenkins, 7s. 6d.), which is a sequel to *Summer Lightning*, would be the best of his if it were not a good deal too long, though for most of his readers this will be a fault on the right side. Wodehouse's world is very much the world of *Charley's Aunt* brought up to date except that he has great feeling for shades of character. Thus his ideal butler has qualities which have been exactly observed in real butlers, and the pig-loving Lord Emsworth is an authentic member of the peerage who is by no means always the comic clown:

> “Don't you like this Brown girl?” (he asks his sister).
>
> “I do not.”
>
> “Don't you want her to marry Ronald?”
>
> “I should have thought I had made my views on that matter sufficiently clear. I think the whole thing deplorable. I am not a snob. . . .”
>
> “But you are,” said Lord Emsworth cleverly putting his finger on the flaw in her reasoning.

* * *

Besides being a master of making good and bad jokes and inventing innumerable farcical situations out of very limited materials, Mr. Wodehouse has wonderful verbal felicity. When early in the book I came across the word “Pig-conscious” I paused and wondered for a moment if I had not thought of a better one, but on page 124 I found that he had used it. “. . . widely though their temperaments differed in every other respect they are both pig-minded.” After that I abandoned the attempt to gild the lily of Mr. Wodehouse's diction. Beach, the butler, like his noble master, is consistently good.

> He had a nice sense of the proprieties; between himself and this young man there had existed for eighteen years a warm friendship. Ronnie as a child had played bears in his pantry. Ronnie as a boy had gone fishing with him on the lake. . . . He knew the last detail of Ronnie's romance, sympathised with his aims and objects, was aware that an interview of extreme delicacy faced him; and, had they been sitting in his pantry now, would not have hesitated to offer sympathy and advice.
>
> But because this was the drawing room, his lips were sealed. A mere professional gesture was all he could allow himself.
>
> “Another cocktail, Mr. Ronald?”

It is not always so clearly realised that class differences in England are often a matter of etiquette and not of intimacy. There is a real pleasure in watching this butler “heaving like a seaweed-covered sea,” but it is better still when we meet him in the position of the fat boy in *Pickwick*, overhearing a plot between the exquisitely lissom Monty and the vile owner of *Tiny Tots* and countless newspapers, Lord Tilbury, to steal a manuscript. Beach is described as “with the beer frozen, as one might say, on his lips.” On the whole the plot is good, the pig motif is dull, Monty is excellent, and the highest flights are reserved for the butler and his employer. This is because they are not merely funny, but because they show character. When Lord Emsworth is found to have used paper fasteners for his dress shirt his sister asks:

> “Have you only two studs?”
>
> “Three,” said Lord Emsworth a little proudly. “For the front of the shirt three. Dashed inconvenient things. The heads come off. You screw them off and then you put them in and then you screw them on.”
>
> “Well go straight up to your room and screw on the spare one.”
>
> “It was not often that Lord Emsworth found himself in the position of being able to score a debating point with his sister Constance. The fact that he was now about to do so filled him with justifiable complacency. It seemed to lend to his manner a strange, quiet dignity. ‘I can't,' he said. ‘I swallowed it.'”

* * *

Exemplary highbrows who disdain the copies of *Punch* in their dentists' waiting-rooms, and who care nothing for Peter Arno and last year's copies of *Ballyhoo* (the Zilch family seems to have fallen into a decline of late) had better avoid Wodehouse. They will not be amused, and perhaps theirs is the nobler path to tread. But it was cruel of Messrs. Jenkins not to bring the book out in time for August Bank Holiday. As it was, I lay laughing alone among the crowds, knowing that it would be another three days before the world could laugh with me.

DAVID GARNETT

THE INTELLECTUAL EUNUCH

The Rise of Castlereagh. By H. M. HYDE. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

Mr. Hyde, in his introduction to this most commendable and interesting book, comments on the detraction from which Castlereagh still suffers and suggests that the late Lord Salisbury is the only person to have done anything to correct it. This hardly seems fair on Professor Webster and other historians, who have devoted many years to the rehabilitation of Castlereagh. It is true, however, that they have dealt mostly with the great year of post-Waterloo diplomacy, whereas Mr. Hyde concentrates in this volume on his very early years, when, as Chief Secretary for Ireland, he crushed the Rebellion of 1798 and passed the Legislative Union with England.

Mr. Hyde has to make two points. (1) That Castlereagh did not just precipitate the rebellion of '98 with the aid of *agents provocateurs* and then crush it with sadistic cruelty. (2) That his passing of the Union was a sincere and wise action, ruined by the obstinacy of the King and the weakness of Pitt over Catholic Emancipation. Suffice it to say that Mr. Hyde makes a very good case on both counts.

The '98 part can make nothing but squalid reading. Both the rebellion and its suppression were conducted with the maximum of savagery and until 1920, at any rate, '98 remained for Irishmen the symbol of British rule in Ireland. Mr. Hyde's proof of a negative, that Castlereagh strove to limit the cruelties, though convincing enough, cannot make anything but painful reading. He has done his work well; but it is not an inspiring task.

Far better reading is his long account of the Union Act with his coloured and yet scholarly description of Dublin Castle and the old animated corrupt unrepresentative Parliament on College Green. These M.P.s represented little but the owners of the boroughs or counties who sent them there and Castlereagh passed the Union by the simple method of purchasing the seats. £1,500,000 was paid for them; Castlereagh called this "buying up the fee-simple of Irish corruption" and the operation made the Lord Lieutenant Cornwallis sick. Castlereagh was made of sterner stuff.

Mr. Hyde, by his detailed analysis of the Irish Parliament, easily proves that it had no claims whatever to be considered representative and that many people, particularly the upper class Catholics, were mighty glad to get rid of it, and to have in its place more proper representation in Westminster. Of course, they were right. Yet so was the Dublin mob right, when it pursued Castlereagh with blows and execration through the streets. To pass the Union was to destroy the picturesqueness and reality of Dublin, to weaken the sense of national consciousness, to absorb Ireland in a larger unity. Perhaps this was the right thing to do. Castlereagh thought it the only way to keep the Irish connection, and he felt the connection desirable as an Irishman. Yet the Dublin mob, from its point of view, was right to "die in the last ditch" for its corrupt old Parliament.

For Castlereagh the Union was to be the symbol of a great Anglo-Irish rapprochement, including Catholics and Dissenters alike. The conscience of the King destroyed these hopes. True, Maynooth got its grant, and the Presbyterians their *Regium Donum*. But Catholic Emancipation was postponed twenty-eight years and the Commutation of Tithe still longer. The Union was made to look like another English trick and the efforts of Castlereagh were shattered. Had Pitt been younger and healthier, he might have coerced the King and saved the Irish connection.

Would it have been possible? Mr. Hyde tends to look on the affair as yet another lost opportunity and he may be right. But Irish nationalism was probably a stronger force than the more civilised desires of the Catholic gentry. The success of the scheme would have been its most offensive feature to millions of Irishmen.

Mr. Hyde reveals Castlereagh from his earliest years as a consummate man of business as well as a broad-minded and thoughtful statesman, though he admits that his subject underestimated the tenacity of the national spirit. He admits, too, that extraordinary iciness of manner which many people found so depressing and which gave rise to so many surmises. Castlereagh was accused both of wenching and of unnatural crime, but popular prejudice accused him, rather, of impotence. That spirited orator, Plunket, succeeded in introducing a reference to this in his last speech on the old Irish Parliament. He is commenting on the Chief Secretary's youth:

> I thank God that it is much more easy for the noble Lord to transfer the Minister's (Pitt's) apostacy and his insolence than his comprehension and his sagacity; and feel the safety of my country in the wretched feebleness of her enemy. I cannot fear that the Constitution which has been founded by the wisdom of sages and been cemented by the word of patriots and heroes is to be smitten by such a green and *sapless* twig as this.

This is a masterpiece of rhetorical malice.

FRANCIS BIRRELL

KING OR COUNTRY?

Divided Loyalties. By LEWIS EINSTEIN. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 15*s.*

It is possible to be acquainted with the history of the American Revolution and yet to open Mr. Einstein's interesting book with all the sensations of an introduction into a roomful of strangers. We expect to meet the King, Benjamin Franklin, Benjamin West, and perhaps Count Rumford, though, after a little, what he is doing "dans cette galere" we hardly know; but most of the others, Dean, Trumbull, Wentworth, Temple, Cruger, Pownall, Hynson, are new and not always reputable acquaintances. For we find ourselves plunged into a vortex (or "a vortext," as poor Benjamin West spelt it) of conflicting aims and very dubious personalities, most of whose activities went on under the surface of affairs. *Divided Loyalties* Mr. Einstein names the result of his researches. We are sometimes tempted towards a revised title: "Divided Royalties."

For here is an account of spying, and very zealous spying, on behalf of both sides at once. Men like Deane, Bancroft, and Paul Wentworth are instances, but only conspicuous instances, of a condition of conscience and intellect which allowed its fortunate possessors to play false, and yet render quite valuable service to the English Ministry, the French Ministry, and the revolted colonists, not turn by turn, but all at the same time. Indeed, Bancroft added an extraordinary gift of impudent self-righteousness to his other singular qualities. For Bancroft, whose face of sturdy innocence looks out at us from an excellent portrait, had the assurance, towards the end of his activities, to beg from Lord Carmarthen the renewal of a pension which he had formerly enjoyed by the bounty of Lord North. Another amazing person, the Rev. John Vardill, after arranging "the Great Theft" of the entire correspondence of the American Commissioners in Paris, a correspondence which he handed over to William Eden, afterwards Lord Auckland, the Under-Secretary of State, asked for and obtained the Regius Professorship of Divinity in New York. Vardill, however, whom the *Gentleman's Magazine* described at his death as "a rare example of splendid talents devoted to the purest philanthropy," was at least a spy and thief, sometimes of the correspondence of his friends, pledged to one side only. And, after all, Lord Auckland, whom he served so well, had once assiduously inquired of the Postmaster-General whether it would be possible for the Department to forge private seals and signatures. We feel that we are embedded in a slough of corruption, which engulfed even the highest office-holders of George III's Court. Such, too, were the cross-currents in the morass that no one trusted his neighbour, and the very spies, as in Vardill's case, found themselves defrauded of their pay.

From all this tangle and mess the King stands honourably aloof. His judgment, until his "superannuation"—the Court term for his insanity—was sound, if slow. Indeed, he was always, and lamentably, just too late in his decisions. But the decisions were right enough. His instincts as to the colonists and their ways were accurate.

The idea that no Secretary of State before Grenville ever read a despatch from the Colonies is, on its face, a brilliant absurdity. All the same, it contains a germ of truth which is ignored in these pages. A Secretary of State need not read a Colonial despatch, because it was not part of his duty to do so. The Colonies, as any student of Professor Pollard's authoritative *Factors in American History* of course knows, owed no allegiance to Parliament at all. They were Crown grants. This salient fact, which made "the glorious Revolution of 1688" and the Bill of Rights quite distant and irrelevant events to them, also turned their famous slogan, "No taxation without representation" into one of those impostures which finally impose only on school histories. A moment's reflection on the age and its transport facilities reveals the absurdity, which indeed the common sense of Dr. Johnson saw through. But the age had facile transports of another sort which did duty for lack of common sense and common gratitude. Rousseau and rusticity were in the air. The idea of a band of honest, simple farmer-folk defying an empire in arms captured the imagination of a good many Englishmen who regaled their innocence on Thomson's *Seasons* and Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*. That not a few of the farmers were dollar-millionaires, and most of them slave-owners, did not enter into the picture. George III, who read no poetry and was a farmer himself, saw the facts plainly enough, but unluckily muddled his management of them so badly that it took the sudden enlightenment of the French entry into the conflict, after Saratoga, to persuade his subjects that he might possibly be in the right. And then it was too late. George had none of his predecessor, Charles II's, alertness. That monarch's first act, on recovering his throne, had been the instant stoppage of Endicott's atrocious persecution of the Quakers in New England. Endicott's sullen obedience—for Parliament would not have cared a jot—might have convinced Englishmen that the plantations in the New World owed their existence and their loyalty to a succession of Royal Charters. But neither then, nor now, are Englishmen in the habit of reading American history.

Anyhow, the constitutional relations of the Colonies with the Crown explain what Mr. Einstein notes, without explanation, the King's "indefatigable and incredible activities . . . in the most unsuspected directions. The royal presence is felt everywhere." Quite so; it was the King's business to be felt. He knew all about his spies, even, with a native shrewdness, a good deal of their double-dealing. And he might have saved the situation but for one idiosyncrasy which honours his probity more than his intelligence. He loathed gambling; and his spies, notably Bancroft and Wentworth, were for ever speculating on the Stock Exchange. George detested this; but he also thought—and he has not been the first nor will be the last, to think it—that speculators were by nature credulous. Had he made exceptions in his imperturbable creed, he would have learned in time of the intrigue with France. As it was, he refused belief; and, Mr. Einstein drily observes, "the royal horror of gambling helped to free America."

Two characters in the amazing record of these pages certainly stand apart. For one thing, they were neither traitors, nor dupes, nor figures of fun. Both made names for themselves, even though the career of the finally unsuccessful courtier—and both were courtiers—is, we fancy, better known to Englishmen than that of his namesake, whose record reads like a fairy-tale. Let the fairy-tale take precedence.

Benjamin Thompson was born at Rumford, a farm at Concord, New Hampshire. He first came into prominence as a remarkably modern reformer of the diet of soldiers; and this role of the practical man never failed to attract his energies. At the end of his days, after military and agricultural experiments in Germany, after a Fellowship of the Royal Society in England and a Membership of the Institute of France, the "Rumford Roaster," a pan which could simultaneously roast and bake, bore his name. But what a name! Rumford became Under-Secretary of State and was knighted. He then passed to the Bavarian Service, and was made a major-general, a Privy Councillor, Count of the Holy Roman Empire, Court Chamberlain, and Minister of Police and of War. In this last capacity he did excellent service against Moreau; and received the Orders of the White Eagle and of St. Stanislaus. Incidentally, he introduced the potato into Bavaria, and those who travel abroad and admire the yellow begonias in every Bavarian cottage window will not do wrong in recalling Count Rumford's love of flowers. The sudden refusal of George III to receive as Bavarian Minister at St. James' the man whom he had knighted and who was still drawing half-pay as a British Colonel put an extinguisher on Thompson's flaming energies. The energies were, in fact, too much of the nature of a fire-work. Moreover, Thompson's mannerisms were not winning, and he made enemies not a few. For all that, the man who, after his rebuff, sat often at Napoleon's side in the Institute of France, and was heard by him with respect, had, most decidedly, a personality to be reckoned with. That "half-pay" of his stamps him as a Yankee; all the same, he had a career. Still—he owes it to Mr. Einstein that he is not forgotten.

The other Benjamin—the name seems almost as popular in the Revolutionary epoch as Nathaniel during the English Civil War—shared a like Court position, and, during his lifetime, a thinner but far more unquestioned fame. Benjamin West, a few of whose "ten-acre pictures," as his pupil, Gilbert Stuart, irreverently dubbed them, are still to be seen in City Churches and dark corners of Royal palaces, enjoyed for years a reputation which even his post as Court painter, and his own self-esteem, hardly excuse. It is true that a reaction from Hogarth's coarse power helped matters on; but the odd fact remains that even art connoisseurs believed that West might be ranked with Michelangelo, Raphael, and Leonardo; and the gentle President of the Royal "Hackademy," as West himself, no purist in spelling or pronunciation, termed the institution, so fully shared their convictions that, in copying the Elgin marbles, he added a few female figures from his own fancy, and reassured Lord Elgin by saying that they were "not incongruous" with the original conceptions. He was paid in thousands, and, after all, one is glad that he died just after his Royal patron's "superannuation," and before the great disillusionment set in. Of course, when it came, it came like a tornado; West's vast "Annunciation," with the additional attraction of an autograph letter, went under the hammer for £10. As a matter of justice, we owe one or two bits of penetration to Benjamin West. In his "Death of Wolfe," he broke through the convention that heroes must be depicted in togas, and earned for his canvas the nickname of "the coat and waistcoat picture." By a curious premonition, he foresaw the grant of American Independence, and, in a sea-piece, displayed the "Stars and Stripes" at the mast-head of an American vessel. And he was the very first man to detect the insanity of George III.

We must leave on one side the real genius of Copley, another American artist in London, to whom we owe one of the finest paintings of the eighteenth century, "The Death of Chatham," But this is only to say that a vast amount of interesting, and in many cases new, material which Mr. Einstein has brought together in his exploration of a tract of uncharted history must suffer a seeming neglect. A final word of thanks is due for four Appendices, full notes and references, and a careful and copious index.

NEW NOVELS

Hot-House. By G. E. TREVELYAN. *Secker.* 7s. 6d.

Ordinary Families. By E. ARNOT ROBERTSON. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Daughter to Philip. By BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.

Number Thirty-Six. By GERALD W. JOHNSON. *Lovat Dickson.* 7s. 6d.

The Flowering Thorn. By MARGERY SHARP. *Barker.* 7s. 6d

One of the chief characteristics of a good storyteller is his ability to make the dullest and meanest of personages, whom in real life we should cross the road to avoid encountering, seem more lively, rich and colourful than our dearest friends. Art, which distils eloquence from anger, sweetness and gravity from the wild hubbub of the emotions, can turn even boredom to literary profit, till the idiocies of Madame Verdurin become a source of delight. Thus, an exceptionally enjoyable first novel, which I had the pleasure of reviewing in these columns not long ago, introduced me with such sympathy and intelligence to the feminine microcosm of a Catholic girls' school that, although the account it gave was definitely antipathetic, by the time I had reached its closing chapter I was sorry to quit the beeswax-scented and faintly incense-smelling classrooms and passages of the Convent of the Five Wounds. Miss Trevelyan, alas, has not done for an Oxford woman's college what Miss White, so skilfully, did for her girls' school. The airlessness, the emotional tensity—all are here; but, described by Miss Trevelyan, the life of the college, of its teeming undergraduates and dons, is almost as unpleasant to encounter in fiction as, no doubt, it must have been to experience in fact. The world of the *Hot-House*, says Miss Trevelyan, is dreadfully stuffy; its atmosphere is bad for the brain and the nerves. And, having threaded my way through her tangled narrative, through the moist groves of young blue-stockings in flower and a spiny cactus-growth of elder blue-stockings, wiping my forehead, I can only reply that I am sure that it is. . . .

Really, there are too many cocoa-parties. Too many dowdy, undifferentiated young women, with plaits and buns of hair or dishevelled bobs, in flannel dressing-gowns, a kettle in one hand, pop back and forth through white-painted doors. Inane gossip is reported at endless length; it is served up to us in the usual paragraphs and chapters, but also divided into a multitude of sub-sections, which sometimes amount to less than half-a-dozen lines and sometimes cover half-a-dozen pages, each constituting a separate fragmentary episode. Mina is the centre of the book; "little Mina" to herself and to the coterie of over-solicitous, over-excitable, over-affectionate young friends who flutter around her, tell her that she is looking ill, advise her to go to bed, and offer to brew her cocoa or warm milk. Mina seems rosy and dumpy enough; but, so enervating are the effects of hot-house life, that she cannot survive transplantation—the narcissus cannot open its virginal calyx—and commits suicide four pages from the end. As Mina's lack of stability grows more pronounced, the novelist's always diffuse and untidy style grows correspondingly more and more erratic. To give an idea of the heroine's mental meanderings, between thirty and forty italicised words are often scattered across the page, while her inner monologue resolves itself into a succession of gasps:

> Oh, the lambs. If they only *knew*. If only. . . . And if only they'd leave her *alone*. Mina, the wretched Mina. . . . All, all alone. With this . . . this. . . . Oh, it *was*. Oh, to *think*. If they only knew . . . how *that woman*. . . . Only they wouldn't *see*. Even *then*, they just wouldn't *see*. Because, you see. . . . Because the babes just couldn't be *expected* to see. Because they didn't *know*! *That* was it. They just didn't know, really, and . . . and so Mina was all, all alone.

Somehow, one manages to believe in Mina, to feel that her plight is genuine and her doom inevitable; but it is at the cost of much unnecessary labour and anguish.

It is never quite clear what object Miss Trevelyan has in view. Miss Arnot Robertson, the author of *Ordinary Families*, shows, by contrast, an extremely refreshing directness and simplicity of aim, for although her story is here and there a trifle overcrowded, and her prose style seldom graceful or specially apt, she goes straight to the point, writes intelligibly and builds up, detail by detail, a fascinating and convincing family-group. The Rush family lived a care-free amphibious life; the book contains many agreeable passages, descriptive of birds, boats, odd neighbours, country junketings and the charm and discomfort of long sea voyages in small sailing-vessels. The children saw through their father, the romantic and reminiscent Mr. Rush, but they did not dislike him; and the real interest of the book is focused on the relationship of Lallie—who tells the story—and her sister, Margaret, a beautiful and quite heartless egotist, who gives nothing and takes away, with an air of seeming not to know that she takes it, everything that her elder sister values.

Ordinary Families is a "pleasant" book with a sting in its tail. Miss Beatrice Kean Seymour's *Daughter to Philip*, though it is of the length, and written in the style, that the frequenters of circulating libraries most appreciate, could not be described as "pleasant" reading, since the popular novelist whom it concerns murders his valetudinarian wife between the fiftieth and the sixtieth page—she has a weak heart, and he allows her to believe that he has attempted to commit suicide, whereas he has merely cut himself shaving—while his second daughter, after a lapse of four hundred pages, dies of an illegal operation. In the meantime, the novelist has married his mistress; Fanny, whom he compares, rather unflatteringly, in his more embittered moods, to a mess of pottage, does not bring Philip Stratton the calm of mind so necessary for creative work, and his novels grow steadily poorer and poorer. Sharlie, his first-born, notes the decline; a brisk, unsympathetic, clear-eyed young woman, she finds a lover, only to give him up—and marry a man she does not love—because the example of her own successful love affair seems to have encouraged her half-sister's untimely experiments. It is invidious to question a novelist's plot—especially when it is the work of a practised storyteller—but this last stroke fails to carry conviction.

Number Thirty-Six transports us to the American South. It was the meteor-flight of that majestic Pullman train through a country town in North Carolina, a small, quiet, unambitious place, that symbolised for a little boy, perched on the railings, the vast possibilities of an unimaginable outer world. As it happened, he was never to leave Rogersville; but Rogersville itself developed, acquiring factories, suburbs, great blocks of concrete office-buildings, proletarian slums and all the squalor and confusion of industrial life. Wealth came to the town, labour troubles, strikes. The provincial newspaper, which Don's father had edited and which, as a boy, he had helped to print on an ancient hand-press, gained enormously in importance and circulation, and took a part—though it was never a very decisive part—in the savage struggle that broke out at the local cotton mills. *Number Thirty-Six* is an honest, well-written book; Mr. Johnson has the sincerity and forcefulness, but none of the stylistic affectations, of Mr. Sherwood Anderson. His descriptions of the life of a provincial paper, of the work of type-setting and printing, are as meticulous and painstakingly matter of fact as those of Balzac in the earlier chapters of *Illusions Perdues*. Anyone who enjoys honest-to-God realism, and is interested in the changes of the American landscape, cannot do better than try this book.

The Flowering Thorn, a very mild domestic comedy, guaranteed not to offend even the most sensitive of old-ladyish palates, deals with the adventures of Lesley Frewen who, rather inexplicably from the reader's point of view—and, indeed, much to her own surprise—adopted a red-headed orphan child, gave up her delightful little service-flat in London, relinquished a circle of brilliant friends and went off to live in the depths of the country, where she learned to eat bacon-and-eggs for breakfast. Her health improved and her spiritual outlook, if not her figure; she discovered that children, whom she had believed she hated, were lovable, when looked at in the right way, and that the parish clergyman and his wife, to whom at first she had been on principle extremely rude, were a fair exchange for her more scintillating urban cronies. From what we are told of Elissa, Toby and Bryan—they were "modern" as "Bright Young People" are modern in *Punch*, or in some of the late novels of John Galsworthy—it is obvious that she chose the lesser of two evils.

PETER QUENNELL

LOCKHART EXPOSED

The Letters of Sir Walter Scott. Edited by H. J. C. GRIERSON, LL.D. Vols. III (1811–1814) and IV (1815–1817). *Constable*. 18s. each.

One would expect that of the two new volumes of Scott's *Letters* the earlier would be the more interesting, for it covers the period of his eclipse as a poet and his emergence as a novelist. Walter Scott, "the most admired poet of the age," disappears, and "the Author of Waverley" sails into the firmament—a far greater portent. But Volume III, though it contains many hitherto unpublished letters, throws no new light on Scott's literary metamorphosis; and a moment's reflection will show why this must be so. Scott, for some reason that none of his many explanations explains, was determined to remain anonymous. There is no more to be said than that it was his humour. The Ballantynes had to be in the secret in the course of business, and so had Archibald Constable. A few intimate friends were also admitted—Will Erskine, Morritt and Lady Louisa Stuart. But other friends, no less intimate, were excluded. Joanna Baillie was given some broad hints, but nothing express. Lady Abercorn, of whom it is not unfair to say that Scott was in love with her and that she knew it, repeatedly pressed him for an admission of his authorship of the novels, but never got anything but genial fibs. And even those who were in the secret were not admitted to complete confidence. They only knew that Scott was the author of *Waverley* and that he had conceived and partly written it many years before he decided that it was worth publication. A possible, even probable, exception was Will Erskine, and posterity can never sufficiently curse the busybody who took it upon herself, after Erskine's death, to destroy all his correspondence. Had Scott's letters to Erskine been preserved we might have learned something about the process whereby Scott, at the age of forty-two and without any apparent experience, suddenly became a master novelist. *Nemo repente fuit peritissimus*. *Waverley* is not perfect, but neither is it the work of a novice. There must have been many previous efforts, and an acute student of Scott, Dame Una Pope-Hennessy, has conjectured that the Waverley canon contains several—perhaps as many as six—'prentice pieces that, under the pressure of later years, he was not above foisting on his public with a little, sometimes precious little, furbishing up.

It is disappointing also that the *Letters* of 1813 should tell us nothing materially new about the financial crisis of that year when Scott was narrowly saved from bankruptcy by a bank guarantee of £4,000 from the Duke of Buccleuch. The only new light we have on that transaction is contained in the letters to the Ballantynes which have already appeared as an appendix to Volume I, having been discovered too late to be distributed in their proper chronology. And that new light is not much—only a curious gleam, viz.: that Scott felt entitled to ask Buccleuch for help because Buccleuch had once had help from him of a similar sort. One would like to know more about that.

Volume IV is much more exciting. It tells us a good deal about *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary* and *Rob Roy*, and we catch something of the exhilaration of rapidly mounting success. But far more important is its damning exposure of Lockhart as a biographer. In spite of the tradition that Lockhart's *Life of Scott* must be admired as a paragon of piety and accomplishment, it has long been suspected that the fellow—he was an unattractive character—was less than indifferently honest, and some have not hesitated to call him a liar. By his own admission it is known that he "manipulated" the materials at his disposal. At least three episodes in the *Life*, which he relates with the greatest circumstance and one of which at least is crucial, can be shown to be pure fiction, and his account of Scott's financial relations with the Ballantynes and Constable is a piece of impudence. That he falsified Scott's letters by excision and by "contamination" (i.e., piecing together fragments of two letters of different dates so that they should appear to be the same letter) is notorious, though it has been excused as being the common biographical practice of his time. Further, the text of the Ballantyne correspondence shows that he liked to put "pep" into Scott's phraseology. As to his alterations of this kind one can only take refuge in the decencies of a dead language and say *Nihil tetigit quod non cacavit.*"

But it has been assumed that Lockhart's dishonesty always stopped short of downright forgery. Professor Grierson, more in sorrow than in anger, is obliged to tell us that this is not so. There is the horrid case of the "Black Hussar" letter. The facts are these. In 1816 Scott, using James Ballantyne as intermediary, opened negotiations with William Blackwood for a collection of novels to be entitled *Tales of My Landlord*. They were not "by the Author of Waverley" but by a certain Jedediah Cleishbotham, but Blackwood, who was not a fool, knew at once who "Mr. Cleishbotham" was, and the bargain was closed. Scott wrote *Old Mortality* for the *Tales* and fished out of some drawer what was probably his earliest and crudest attempt at fiction, *The Black Dwarf*. When Blackwood read the latter he was dismayed. He told Ballantyne that it would never do as it stood and that Gifford, to whom he showed the proofs, thought the same. Would "Mr. Cleishbotham" make some alterations? Ballantyne said he would write and ask. Scott certainly was nettled. According to Lockhart he was much more—he was furious, and "his answer to the most solemn of go-betweens was in these terms, which I sincerely wish I could tell how Signior Aldiborontophoscophornio translated into any dialect submissible to Blackwood's apprehension:

> Dear James,—I have received Blackwood's impudent letter. G—— d—— his soul! Tell him and his coadjutor that I belong to the Black Hussars of Literature, who neither give nor receive criticism. I'll be cursed but this is the most impudent proposal that ever was made.—W. S.

So Lockhart in the first edition of the *Life*. But presently his wish to see Ballantyne's "translation" of Scott's letter was gratified, and in his second he gleefully prints it in a footnote with the comment that "the reader will be not less amused in comparing the 'Black Hussar's' missive in the text, with the edition of it that actually reached Blackwood—and which certainly justifies the conjecture I had ventured to express." The word "amused" is a venomous *miosis*. Lockhart meant "appalled," for here is what Ballantyne sent to Blackwood:—

> My respects to our friends the Booksellers. I belong to the Death-head Hussars of Literature, who neither *take* nor *give* criticism. I am extremely sorry they showed my work to Gifford, nor would I cancel a leaf to please all the critics of Edinburgh and London; and so let that be as it is: They are mistaken if they think I don't know when I am writing ill, as well as Gifford can tell me. I beg there may be no more communications with critics.

All this certainly looks very bad for Ballantyne. Unfortunately for Lockhart—who, let it be said, was haunted all his days by fears about what the inquisitiveness of future generations might do to spoil his pretty picture—Scott's holograph letter has survived, and Professor Grierson now prints it for the first time. Omitting a passage dealing with some bill transactions with the Ballantynes, it runs:—

> My respects to the Booksellers. I belong to the Death-head Hussars of literature who neither *take* nor *give* criticism. I know no business they had to show my work to Gifford nor would I cancel a leaf to please all the critics in Edinburgh and London and so let that be as it is. I never heard of such impudence in my life. Do they think I don't know when I am writing ill as well as Gifford can tell me. It is good enough for them and they had better make up the £200 they propose to swindle me out of than trouble themselves about the contents. . . . I beg there may be no more communications with critics. These *born idiots* do not know the mischief they do me and themselves. I DO by God.

It will be seen that Ballantyne's alterations consist in little more than putting in a little civility and punctuation. Lockhart's version is a fabrication and quite motiveless except as *Schadenfreude*. But the wicked lying footnote in the second edition was not motiveless. The motive was his vile hatred of the poor Ballantynes.

DONALD CARSWELL

AN IRISH SEPT

The O'Dwyers of Kilnamanagh. The History of an Irish Sept. BY SIR MICHAEL O'DWYER. *Murray.* 10s. 6d.

British statesmen complain that Mr. De Valera insists on hammering elementary lessons in Irish history into their heads whenever they meet him. They do not appreciate the fact that Ireland, more than ever, is preoccupied with its own past. Much of this preoccupation is due to the Wars of the Roses which were hammered into Irish heads under the former British educational system. Moreover, the new school of Irish historians is reacting from the Froude school: only a strong admixture of Victorian Puritanism is retained. Lay interest in history is exacerbated and shaped by ecclesiastical example. The fantastic heights of ecclesiastical history were illustrated last year during the centenary of the national apostle. Catholic and Protestant Bishops preached, argued in the public press, thundered against one another over the single burning topic—whether Saint Patrick was a Roman Catholic or a Protestant. The Catholic cause gained an excellent start, for the reputed handbell of the saint was taken from its glass case in the Dublin Museum and rung at a public Mass, surrounded by amplifiers, in the Phœnix Park. The Protestant Church of Ireland rallied to its cause poets and playwrights, such as Mr. Lennox Robinson, Mr. F. R. Higgins, and Mr. Richard Rowley: and a great pageant of welcome was staged at the exact spot in the Six Counties where the saint, mythical or real, is reputed to have landed. Irish scholars and historians, once kept in check by the example of Continental Celticists, rushed as partisans into this fantastic national controversy.

Sir Michael O'Dwyer has spent much of his life at the outposts of our new Commonwealth of Nations and he has escaped the immediate influence of the present school of Catholic-Gaelic history. But he writes as a Catholic and an O'Dwyer, for, unlike Mr. De Valera, he has a tribal patronymic. He recounts the history of his own clan during centuries of religious persecution, successive sequestration and suppression. He is rightly proud of his rebels and fighters, for the O'Dwyers were always foremost in danger; in fact, the last great insurgent, Michael O'Dwyer, who held the Wicklow hills until 1803, belonged to the Kilnamanagh Sept. Despite Cromwell, the O'Dwyers were never entirely

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extirpated from their ancient territory in Tipperary, and as Sir Michael O'Dwyer points out with satisfaction, they are coming back into their own. One hundred and forty-three Dwyers and O'Dwyers have held on to over 5,000 acres in the confiscated barony, and to-day they own over 4,000 acres.

Sir Michael O'Dwyer, as he tells us, has had to deal with many races in his time, but " he has found none more difficult to understand than his own." Irish history begins for him with the Battle of Clontarf, just as English history begins for many with the arrival of the foundation peers at Hastings with William the Bastard. He sees his sept emerging " from the Celtic Twilight of the tribal conflicts and struggles against the Danes." But a better grounding in the Brehon law system which informed the earlier civilisation would have saved him, perhaps, from rather unpatriotic comparisons with the hill tribes on the Indian border. This was the method of Victorian chroniclers who forgot that they were describing the age-long struggle between two Christian nations. But Sir Michael's excellent chapters on the substitution of English for native land tenures during the confiscation period may be recommended to those who will not listen to Mr. De Valera.

The author follows up with industry every discoverable detail concerning the O'Dwyers, whether it is to their credit or discredit. He avoids partiality and faces the facts. The infuriated O'Dwyers might murder English settlers on their land, but reprisal was met by counter reprisal. It is a melancholy history of violence and often of horror. The palm for atrocities may be awarded, perhaps, to Cromwellian commanders, such as Inchiquin, who remarks in a letter to Colonel Jephson, dated 1647, on the capture of Cashel:

> In the Church we killed about 700 men, whereof many were priests and friars, besides some women that perished in the action. I am confident so many men were not seen slain in so small a compass of ground these many years: they lay five or six deep in many places; not an officer or soldier escaped, but one Major, the Governor (Richard Butler), who, as I hear, has since died of his wounds.

The O'Dwyers were prominent among the " Wild Geese," the Jacobite soldiers, who spread over Europe. A famous Gaelic ballad was written to John O'Dwyer of the Glen, after the Fall of Limerick:

May her sons be true when needed
May they never fail as we did,
For Sean O'Duibhir an Gleanna
We're worsted in the game.

Often the Irish exiles found themselves in opposing armies: for instance, an Imperial Hungarian regiment, largely Irish, was hired to the British Government during Marlborough's campaigns against the French: " a situation," remarks the author, " which would have delighted the great Russian soldier, Skobeleff, whose favourite saying was, 'What matters it whom you fight. The fight's the thing.' " England lost many good fighters owing to her theological zeal: there was no opening for Irish Catholics in the British Army outside the ranks until 1793, nor even in the ranks before 1773.

Sir Michael O'Dwyer follows the older fashion of history, which still flourishes in Ireland. Apart from the virtues of bravery and tenacity, the record makes melancholy reading. What were all these O'Dwyers like in their happy moments? We see them in flight or in pursuit, in action but never in thought. Sir Michael O'Dwyer ends this arduous and industrious work on his kinsmen with a postprandial hope that old emotions and enmities may be allayed. But his book is more liable to encourage other Irishmen to record the prowess and past of their kin. The present reviewer is tempted to record the exploits of the O'Clery clan to which he belongs; the O'Clerys were not much good at fighting, but they were excellent scribes and poets! AUSTIN CLARKE

THE AESTHETICS OF TEA

To Think of Tea. By AGNES REPPLIER. *Cape.* 5s.

Nearly everyone in England drinks tea daily, and through its drug content has come to be a true tea addict; but, so far as the aesthetic of tea drinking is concerned, the only differences commonly noticed are between the " strength " and " weakness " and between the darkness and lightness of the infusion. Yet between teas the differences are as great as those between the choicest and the coarsest of wines, or between a dish prepared by a master cook and the same dish prepared by the average cook of a tramp steamer.

Miss Agnes Repplier has compiled a sort of anthology of references to tea in English literature; but these are rarely the comments of tea epicures. Such signs of " taste " as appear suggest rather subservience to fashion than aesthetic sensibility. " I must advise you, Harriet," says the lady in the *Fool of Quality* to her daughter, " not to heap such mountains of sugar into your tea, nor to pour such a deluge of cream into it. People will certainly take you for the daughter of a dairymaid. There is young Fanny Quirk, who is a lady by birth, and she has brought herself to the perfection of never suffering the tincture of her tea to be spoiled by whitening, nor the flavour to be adulterated by a grain of sweet." The most vigorous denunciation of tea-drinking in our literature is to be found in Cobbett's *Cottage Economy*—from which Miss Repplier quotes no passage.

> " It must be evident to everyone," wrote Cobbett, " that the practice of tea-drinking must render the frame feeble and unfit to encounter hard labour or severe weather, while, as I have shown, it deducts from the means of replenishing the belly and covering the back. Hence succeeds a softness, an effeminacy, a seeking for the fire-side, a lurking in the bed, and, in short, all the characteristics of idleness, for which, in this case, real want of strength furnishes an apology. The tea drinking fills the public house, makes the frequenting of it habitual, corrupts boys as soon as they are able to move from home, and does little less for the girls, to whom the gossip of the tea-table is no bad preparatory school for the brothel."

All such moralising, however, leaves discriminating tea drinkers unscathed. These individuals are not common. For a hundred people who know at any rate what they are supposed to appreciate in a Chateau Léoville of a good year, I doubt if there is one who could apply appropriate adjectives to a fine Lapsang Souchong or a delicate Chingwo.

It is over a thousand years since Luwuh wrote in three volumes the Holy Scripture of tea, called the " Chaking." We read there that the tea-leaves worthy of the sensitive drinker should have " creases like the leathern boots of Tartar horsemen, should curl like the dewlap of a mighty bullock, unfold like a mist rising out of a ravine, gleam like a lake touched by a zephyr, and be wet and soft like fine earth newly swept by rain."

Teas of quality are still to be bought, at not unreasonable prices, by those who have the palates to appreciate them. But the infusion must be properly made, as it seldom is made. In general, soft water should be used if obtainable, the teapot should be heated within and without, the water should have freshly come to the boil, and the process of infusion should occupy not more than five minutes—or, to follow Sir Kenelm Digby's prescription, " the water is to remain upon the tea no longer than whiles you can say the Miserere Psalm very leisurely." HARRY ROBERTS

SHORTER NOTICES

Foundations for the World's New Age of Plenty. By FRED HENDERSON. *Gollancz.* 3s. 6d.

Mr. Henderson, in this lively little book, attacks capitalism on the familiar ground that, producing for property rights and not for use, it holds the workers to ransom and so gives rise to the paradox of poverty in plenty. He will convert few economists. It is true enough that workers live not on " credit " but on actual goods concurrently produced by other workers; but this exchange of to-day's goods for a claim on to-morrow's would be equally essential, and equally in need of quantitative measurement, in any economically developed community, capitalist or Communist. So why refuse it a separate name? As for the " toll " paid to property, it is the price—admittedly high—of the services of organisation and initiative, services essentially no less real than those of ploughing. Capitalism as we know it, is open enough to attack; its inequalities, self-perpetuating both through inheritance and through the power of the man with the full larder to bargain down the man with the empty one, falsify the allocation of efforts and resources, place economic power in incompetent hands, and stimulate all the less ethically desirable elements of economic motive. But against private property *per se* the case is not proven; nor would Mr. Henderson's scheme of a " national dividend " or consumer's warrant, in lieu of our present price-begotten income system, do anything but complicate the necessary processes of weighing either income in goods and services against outgoings in labour and materials, or the relative urgencies of different demands. No system highly developed enough to maintain anything like our present population at anything like the present standard of living, can return to an accountancy confined to the primary realities of material production, any more than the physicist applying mathematics to the study of matter can stick to the primary realities of the housewife's kitchen scales. Socialist economics has done better than this.

Ways of Escape. By PHILIP GIBBS. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.

Ever since the year of the treaties, when he decided that "now it could be told" to the great public over the world which had followed his war correspondence, Sir Philip Gibbs has been describing at intervals the ruin of Europe. In his latest book he fetches a wide compass running over, one after another, most of the major troubles of the present day world—the insane nationalisms, armaments, currency chaos, dictatorships and the sickness of democracy and many others. Sir Philip Gibbs has a rapid pen, and if the substance of his melancholy chapters is only too familiar to the instructed reader we have to remember that to the majority of the large audience to which he addresses himself it is not. In description Sir Philip Gibbs is vivid, but the sign-posts to the roads of escape are not conspicuous; how could they be? He says that the happiest people he knows are the young "intellectual Bohemians." They might not agree with him, and in any case their road is not one of escape for the multitude or for Society. Sir Philip assures us that snobbery has vanished from our favoured land. Oh, yeah?

The Ludwigs of Bavaria. By HENRY CHANNON. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Channon's story of the *Ludwigs of Bavaria* is on the trivial side, but on the whole the Wittlesbachs have been a trivial family. Their story during recent times down to the Regency of Leutpold is mainly that of a *chronique scandaleuse.* Mr. Channon opens with Lugwig I, the philhellene builder of museums in which he housed the classical treasures he spent so much of his time collecting, the middle-aged lover of the beautiful Lola Montez, and the man who in his old age, long after his abdication, was the idol of Paris. After a brief reference to his son Maximilian, we pass to Ludwig II, the patron of Wagner, the mad misogynist and builder of castles, whose last years were spent in an asylum. The third Ludwig was the late King, whose brief reign of six years closed with the German debacle in 1918. Mr. Channon's story of the revolution in Munich is the best thing in the book. Two concluding chapters deal with the work of the famous architects, the brothers Asam and Francois Crivilliés.

About Motoring

THE 40-50 h.p. CONTINENTAL ROLLS

IF a reincarnate Thomas More were attempting to produce a 1933 revision of Utopia, he would have to include some rationalised morality of motoring. It would condemn him to much profound thought; and its publication, when complete, would provoke loud hoots of laughter. He would probably outline a Utopian legislation under which cars of great size and high speed were absolutely prohibited. No Utopian would be permitted to buy a car; for motor cars would be a free issue to selected individuals on a basis of social efficiency. All aged persons would be provided with well-sprung saloons as a matter of course, necessitating many thousands of chauffeurs, whose occupation would relieve the unemployment problem. Similarly, all cripples and invalids would be issued with good cars. Young, able-bodied people would be forbidden to travel in motor cars during their working hours, unless their professions happened to be of a peripatetic nature—the nurse and the surgeon would naturally get their issue, and the surgeon might even be allowed to have a fast car. The manufacturing cost of any motor car would be limited to £500 at most. Which terminates my moralising, and brings me smoothly to my real topic—that most immoral, irrational and entirely adorable vehicle, the 100 m.p.h. 50 h.p., £2,500 Phantom II "Continental" Rolls-Royce. As a moralist, I am quite sure that no such cars ought to be manufactured in any sane and rational community. As an engineer I am convinced that the world would be infinitely poorer if such technical ideals could not be translated into terms of steel. As a citizen I should perspire even in the Arctic at the mere idea of driving such a car past any Labour Exchange queue. So I will slough the moralist and the citizen, and speak henceforward as an engineer. The man who has just bought a first-class pedal-cycle and free-wheels on it over newly laid tarmac down a slight incline tastes the joys of pluperfect motion—as silent as sleep, as effortless as the drifting of a rose leaf in a zephyr, as unconscious of propulsion as a gull riding a swell. The latest Rolls extends these delicious sensations to the whole gamut of road travel. It slides through traffic vortices in complete and absolute silence like a tuft of dandelion down floating across a garden in a heat wave. There is no subdued murmur of revolving machinery, no click of valve or tappet, nothing in the least audible—simply pure motion. Clear the town, and invade the undulating tapes of open road. Here this pluperfect machine will travel at any desired speed from four to one hundred miles an hour without change of gear. Near the upper limits of its speed range the engine may become perceptible in the form of a murmur, but it never becomes obtrusive. I believe its designer's chief complaint is that hitherto he has been unable to discover a really silent tyre, and that at high speeds the faintly audible friction of rubber on tarmac nullifies his dream of absolute silence. This perfection is symptomatic of the whole vehicle. The suspension is more successful than any other in creating the illusion that all roads resemble the slate bed of a billiard table or the velvet of the centre court at Wimbledon. Each axle is equipped with double sets of shock absorbers. The one set is hydraulic, and automatically adjusts itself to varying surfaces. The second set is hand-controlled from the dash, so at railway speeds the springs can be stiffened up by the driver to meet technical requirements. Or consider the controls. Maximum speed is desired—let us imagine—on a hill which slows down even this leviathan if top gear be kept in mesh. Two fingers—no more—are tenderly laid on the knob of the gear lever. There need be no adjusting of road speed to engine speed—no ransacking of an anxious brain to time the movement. The lever is just flicked forward into the third gear notch; and acceleration is the only sensation recorded by the most sensitive physique. All the other controls are as beautifully made as a watch with the Kew "A" certificate, and operate with the same silken lethargy. Moreover, they will continue to operate in this fashion when the car is ten years old; for they are each and all meticulously designed to eliminate the least risk of tightness, or lost motion, or wear, or sound. It follows that the car is expensive; yet by a strange paradox it is a sound investment. Verifiable instances exist of Rolls cars which after four years of hard work have fetched three-fifths of their original cost on the second-hand market. (Many modern cars hardly realise this percentage after a month's work.) And the bulk of this drop is ascribable to the fact that a huge retail commission forms part of the catalogue price, and that a second retail commission is charged when a car is resold through the trade. The basic, real, operative value of the car is barely touched by the mileage of four seasons. The fuel bill is also high, but not so high as one might suppose. If the car is driven gaily and fast in hilly country a gallon may carry it no more than ten miles. But a grandmother who dawdled on it might record

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fifteen miles a gallon, a consumption such as many mass-produced 20 h.p. saloons daily register, because their mechanism is full of illegitimate frictions and half-fits. A clerk buys his clothes off the peg at a 50*s*. tailoring establishment; and lesser cars have standard bodywork. The Rolls is born like a king as a naked chassis; and the best motor tailors in the world lie awake o'nights dreaming of coachwork which may be worthy of it. Go to any of the famous coachbuilders, and they will offer you their notion of a body to suit this regal platform. It will normally be a low-roofed four-door saloon, semi-streamlined, with a capacious boot for luggage in its tail, and every contour and outline faired off so that at high speed no roar of air disturbances may remind the occupants of their motion through space. Motion, says the Rolls engineers, should be a purely visual affair. So even the carburetter has a silencer, schemed to damp the suction, that the Rolls may draw in her air as a duke takes his soup, without sucking noises. It is my custom to find some flaw in every car which I test. So let me add that even the Rolls is susceptible to punctures; that its spare wheels are very heavy to lift and to transfer from bracket to hub. Why not add a universally jointed lazy-tongs which at the touch of a button shoots out, twists round, and engages the spare wheel on the naked hub, there—stooping at a prod to pick up the dirty wheel off the road, and stow it beside the bonnet. The car has, of course, automatic jacks just inside each road wheel. I draw breath, and wonder whether if I had £2,500 to spend the moralist in me would defeat the engineer? Lead me not into temptation.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 33.—RACKHAM'S WINDOW

I called the other day on Mr. Rackham, the Science Master of Odmanor School, and found him in a state of considerable excitement. It appeared that the celebration of a recent victory at Rugger had taken the form of smashing his study window, though his annoyance at this was as nothing beside his indignation at the poor quality of the glass that had been used to repair it.

This, however, seemed to me to be a great deal of fuss about very little, for he told me that he had found that when the lower sash was half-raised the total amount of light entering the room was one per cent. less than when it was raised level with the upper sash.

"But surely," I said, "it is of very little consequence that half-opening the window stops only one per cent. more than fully opening it?" "Oh no it doesn't," he retorted, "it stops five per cent. more." "That's very odd," I replied, "I see that the sashes are equal in size and that the upper pane is rather darker than the lower; is it the same glass in both sashes?" But Rackham was too much annoyed to answer this, and abruptly told me to find out for myself if I wanted to know.

Assuming that the framework is so narrow that it has no material effect on the proportion of light admitted, what proportion of the light falling on it does each pane stop?

PROBLEM 31.—GAMES IN THE RAIN

CRICKET

The "expectation" at each throw is $\frac{1}{6}(1+2+3+4+5)$; the chance that a score is made and that the innings continues is $\frac{5}{6}$, and the chance of having to appeal to the umpire is $\frac{1}{6}$.

If the player has to appeal to the umpire he is out on four out of six occasions and continues his innings on the remaining two, with an addition of one to his score if "No-ball" is thrown.

Let E be the total expectation. Then the player has this expectation at any time when he has earned the right to throw the first die. Thus

$$\begin{aligned} E &= \frac{15}{6} + \frac{5}{6}E + \frac{1}{6}\cdot\frac{1}{6}E + \frac{1}{6}\cdot\frac{1}{6}(1+E) \\ &= \frac{91}{36} + \frac{16}{18}E \\ \text{or}\qquad E &= 22\tfrac{3}{4}. \end{aligned}$$

PROBLEM 30.—STRANGER THAN FICTION

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: H. L. Snow, 117 Cat Hill, E. Barnet.

There were 68 correct and 5 incorrect solutions. *Seven* points are awarded for this problem.

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Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 5

By TRINCULO

UPRIGHTS

This gave his name to *that*—nor thought
For him the day with evil fraught.

LIGHTS

1. Before a gold one—so they say—
   Our Normans genuflect each day.
2. The fellow started life, no doubt,
   In Blackburn, as a sort of scout.
3. A curious kind of horse indeed—
   The more so, since he's off his feed.
4. Words might be thus arranged—and then
   Be out-manoeuvred by the pen.
5. A certain cowboy—did you know?—
   Laughing, addressed his mother so.
6. Stoke Poges' churchyard thus bore fruit.
   In one respect, 'tis like a boot.

I will give a copy of my *Week End Problems Book* to the first correct solution opened. Solutions must reach me by Tuesday week and must be addressed to *Trinculo*, c/o NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 3

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